THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded August 1, A. D. 1821

Vol. LVI. BENNETT & FITCH, No. 726 Sansom St. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1877. $2.00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 35

SNOWDROPS

BY ANSLEY H. MORTON.

White-crowned, green-vestured, through the mould
The fragile blossoms peep,
What time Spring's earliest sunshine wakes
The Earth from Winter sleep.

Whilst, hidden yet, all other flow'rs
Within her bosom rest,
Snow pure and fair the snowdrop buds
Upon her mother-breast.

And sweet and clear the throstle pours,
From yonder almond-spray,
His song of gladness that the reign
Of frost hath passed away.

See! In the early dawning light,
Amid the gray afar,
There shineth forth o'er yon dark firs
The silvery Morning star!

And 'neath his tender, trembling ray
The snowdrop flow'rs gleam white,
As wait they for the golden day
To tinge their bells with light.

Nor shrinking from the keen spring wind,
Although its breath be chill,
Nor seeking shelter from its blast,
But brave and fearless still.

So patient waits the Christian soul,
When darkened is life's way,
In hope that through the clouds at last
Shall break the glorious Day!

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

I.

THE FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AINE OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George B. Cox.

[This story was commenced in No. 22, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

[Copyrighted 1876 by Bennett & Fitch.]

BOOK IV.

IV.—(*Continued.*)

In the confused salon the piano was open, the bacchanal of *Orphee aux Enfers* spread out upon the music-rack, and the gaudy hangings, draped over this disorder, the chairs overturned, bewildered so to speak, gave the impression of a salon of a ship-wrecked packet-boat, on one of those frightful nights of vigilance when they learn suddenly, in the midst of a fete on board, that a shock has opened the sides of the ship and that the water is gaining on it in every part.

They began to remove the furniture.

Risler looked at the men at work, with a listless air, as if he was in a stranger's house. This luxury with which he was so happy and so proud formerly inspired him now with an insurmountable disgust. However, when he entered his wife's chamber, he felt a vague emotion.

'Twas a large room hung with blue satin over which was white lace. A cocotte's true nest. Scattered about there lay torn and rumpled flounces of tulle, bows, false flowers. The wax candles of the toilet mirror, in burning even to the extremity, had cracked the sockets; and the bed, veiled by its guipures and by its blue hangings, its great curtains raised and drawn, intact in this disorder, seemed the bed of a corpse, a couch of state in which no one would ever sleep more.

Risler's first impulse on entering there was an impulse of dreadful anger, the desire to throw himself upon these things, to tear everything, to cut everything, to crush everything. Nothing more strongly resembles a woman than her chamber. Absent even, her image still smiles in the mirrors which have reflected it. A little of herself, of her favorite perfumes remain on all that she has touched. Her attitudes are recognized upon the cushions of the divans, and one can follow her goings and comings from the glass to the toilet-table among the designs of the carpet. Here that which particularly recalled Sidonie was an etagere loaded with infantile gewgaws, insignificant and trifling Chinese articles, microscopic fans, doll-baby dishes, gilded shoes, little shepherds and shepherdesses facing each other, exchanging porcelain looks shining and cold. 'Twas Sidonie's soul, that etagere, and her thoughts, always vulgar, little, vain and empty, resembled these trifles. Yes, truly, that night, whilst he had held her, Risler in his fury had broken her little, fragile head, he might have seen roll from it, in lieu of brains, a whole world of etagere gewgaws.

The poor man was thinking, sorrowfully of these things in the noise of hammers and the coming and going of the workmen, when a little step, trembling and with vacillations was heard behind him, and M. Chebe appeared, the very diminutive M. Chebe, red eye, of wrath, flaming. He was very haughty as usual, with his son-in-law.

"What is that? What is this that I hear? Ah! you are removing them?"

"I am not removing, Monsieur Chebe," said Risler.

The little man bounded like a scalded cat.

"You are selling. And what else?

"I am selling everything," said Risler in a hollow voice, without even looking at him.

"Have a little reason, my son-in-law. Great goodness! I do not say that Sidonie's conduct—but I know nothing about it—I have never desired to know anything about it—I merely recall you to your dignity. One should wash his dirty linen in the family. One should not make a spectacle of himself as you have done since this morning. See all that crowd at the windows of the workshops, and upon the porch also! You are the talk of the quarter, my dear."

"So much the better. The dishonor was public, it is right that the reparation should be public too."

This apparent calmness, this indifference to all his observations exasperated M. Chebe. He suddenly changed his manners, and assumed to talk to his son-in-law the serious and absolute tone with which one speaks to children or to fools.

"Ah, well! no, you have not the right to remove anything, from here. I oppose it formally, with all my strength as a man, with all my authority as a father. Do you imagine that I will allow you to put no child upon the street? Ah! mordi! Enough of such folies. Nothing further shall leave the apartment."

And M. Chebe, having said the door, planted himself before it with a bellicose air. Ah! he was working in his own interest also. Once he child upon the street, as he said, he ran a great risk of keeping her longer upon feet-here. He was superb in that attitude of outraged father. He only needed a sword.

Risler, with his hands, was about to send him to the devil, and he forced himself to make the effort of the number, saying the about five hundred sentences.

"Come, my father-in-law, be reasonable. Let me go out. I have been working all night, and I am very tired. I have had enough of this scene. I am at the end of my strength. Where I am speaking to you I have made outward efforts to contain myself; but it would not take much to make my anger burst out, and misfortune then to him upon whom it may fall. I am the man to kill somebody. Now get away from here as quickly as possible."

There was such an accent in these words, the fashion in which his son-in-law shook him off whilst speaking was so elegant that M. Chebe was immediately convinced. He even stammered out excuses. Certainly Risler was right in acting thus. All honest folks would be on his side. And he drew back gradually towards the door. Arrived there, he asked timidly if the little persons of Madame Chebe would be continued.

"Yes, answered Risler, that is reserved. As soon as I possess here in an images what it was. I am no longer a matter of the house."

M. Chebe closed and he ascended the stairs, and re-entered the family room, which had made no doubt believe that the violent which had happened in his son-in-law's house, exactly like that of the preceding night. Enough of such folies. Nothing further shall leave the apartment.

bed like an unconscious man. But Sunday was long and wretched for him. The silence of the courtyards, of the deserted workshops, opened to his thoughts a wider field. He strove to work; but the encouragement of the labor of others was wanting to his. He alone was occupied in that great manufactory in repose, the breath of which, even in stoppage, fills the hearts of the artisans of the district. The doors shut, the blinds closed, the monotonous voice of Père Achille playing with his dog in the abandoned courtyards, all appeared to him of solitude. And the quarter also gave him this impression. In the cleared streets, where the promenaders were quiet and rare, the clash of the bells sounding vesperfall sadly, and sometimes an echo of the Parisian tumult, of wheels in motion, a tardy organ, the clatter of a female pastry-vender, traversed the silence as if to augment it further.

Risler searched for combinations of flowers and foliage, and whilst he wielded his crayon, his thoughts, which did not find in that a sufficient application, escaped from him, fled to the past happiness, to the indelible catastrophes, suffered martyrdom, then on returning demanded of the poor somnambulist, always seated at his table: "What have you done in our absence?" Alas! he had done nothing.

Oh! the long, the melancholy, the cruel Sunday! Think that there was mingled with all that in his soul that popular superstition for holidays, for that welcomed repose of twenty-four hours in which one recovers courage and strength. If he had gone out, the sight of a workman accompanied by his child and his wife would have made him groan, but his garreteer seclusion kept for him other sufferings, the despair of reclusion, their terrible revolts when the god to whom they have consecrated themselves does not respond to their sacrifices. Now the god of Risler was his work, and as he no longer found in him either pacification or serenity, he no longer believed in him, and cursed him.

Often in these hours of struggle the door of the designing-room was opened softly, and Claire Froumont appeared. The isolation of the poor man in these long Sunday afternoons filled her with pity, and she came with her little daughter to keep him company, knowing from experience how communicative is the gentleness of children. The little one, who never walked alone, glided from the arms of her mother to run towards her friend. Risler heard these small, hurried steps. He felt that light hands behind him, and at once he experienced a rejuvenating and calming impression. She threw with such good will her tiny, plump arms around his neck, with her innocent and calmless fright at the sins of her pretty mouth which had never lied! Claire Froumont, standing before the door, smiled as she looked at them.

"Risler, my friend," said she, "you must come down into the garden for a while. You work too much. You will fall sick."

"No, no, Madame. On the contrary, 'tis work that saves me. It prevents me from thinking."

Then, after a long silence, she resumed: "Come, my good Risler, you must try to forget."

Risler shook his head.

"Forget! Can that be possible? There are things beyond the strength. One pardons, but one does not forget!"

Almost always the child finished by drawing him to the garden. He was forced, willing or unwilling, to play with the balloon or upon the gravel with her; but the awkwardness, the lack of gaiety of her playmate quickly struck the little girl. Then she became quiet, contenting herself with walking gravely between the round borders, her hand in that of her friend. At the end of a moment, Risler no longer remembered that she was there; but, without his notice, the warmth of that tiny hand in his had a magnet-e softening effect upon his alienated soul.

One pardon, but one does not forget.

Poor Claire also knew something about this; for she had forgotten nothing, despite her great courage and the idea that she had conceived of her duty. For her as for Risler, the vicinity in which she lived was constantly recalling her sufferings. Without pity, the objects which surrounded her reopened her wound ready to heal. The stairway, the garden, the courtyard, all these witnesses, these mute accomplices of the sin, had on certain days an implacable look. Even the caves, the precautions which her husband took to spare her painful remembrances, his persistence in no longer going out at night, in recounting the trips that he had made, only served the better to remind her of the fault. Sometimes she felt the desire to ask mercy of him, to say to him: "Do not do too much!" Faith was destroyed in her, and the horrible suffering of the priest was denied and wished, nevertheless, to remain faithful to his vows, betrayed itself in her bitter scale, in her cold and uncomplaining gentleness.

George was very unhappy. He loved his wife now. The grandeur of her nature had conquered him. There was admiration in this love, and why not say it?—Claire's chagrin took the place of a coquetry that was not in her character, and which had always been wanting to her in the eyes of her husband. He was of that singular type of men who love to make conquests. Sincere, capricious and cold, responded to this whim of his heart. After having quitted her with an adieu full of tenderness, he found her the next day indifferent, forgetful, and this perpetual need of bringing her back had filled in him the place of a veritable passion. Serenity in love wearied him, as an ocean passage without tempests was to seamen. This time he had been with his wife very near shipwreck; and at this hour all peril was not yet past. He knew that Claire was detached from him, except for the child, the sole bond between them for the future. This removal made her appear to him more beautiful, more desirable; and he put in force, to regain her, all his art of seduction. He knew how difficult this would be and that he had not an affair with a common soul. Nevertheless he did not despair. At times, in the depths of a look so gentle, and in appearance so impassible which contemplated his efforts, a vague brightness told him to hope.

As to Sidonie, he thought of her no more. And there is no need of being astonished at this prompt moral rupture. These two superficial beings had nothing that could attach them profoundly to each other. George was incapable of feeling lasting impressions, unless they were renewed without cessation; Sidonie, on her side, could not inspire anything either tenacious or grand. 'Twas one of those amours of rencontre and youth, made up of vanities, of the spites of self-love, inspiring neither devotion nor constancy, only tragic adventures, duels, suicides from which one returns almost always and from which one returns cured. Perhaps, if he had seen her again, he might have been once more stricken with his malady; but the blast of this flight had borne Sidonie away too quickly and too far for a return to be possible. At any rate, 'twas a relief for him to be able to live without lying; and the new existence that he led, full of toil and of privations, with a distant aim of success, did not disheaten him. Happily too; for there was not too much courage and will on part of the two partners to restore the house.

It was damaged on all sides, that poor house of Froment. Hence Père Planus yet passed many bad nights, tormented by the nightmare of the day of payments and the fatal vision of the little blue man. But, by dint of economy, they managed always to pay.

Soon four Risler printing presses, definitely installed, were working in the manufactory. They began to be affected in the wall paper trade. Lyons, Caen, Rixheim, the great centres of the industry, were much disturbed on account of that marvellous "rotary and dodecagon." Then one fine day the Prochassons presented themselves, offering a new licensed thousand francs, merely to share the patent right.

"What ought to be done?" asked Froment, Jeune of Risler Aîne.

The latter shrugged his shoulders with an air of indifference:

"Decide for yourself. It does not concern me. I am only the clerk."

Such coldly, without anger, these words fell upon the amazed joy of Froment and recalled him to the gravity of a situation that he was always upon the point of forgetting.

However, once alone with his dear Madame Chorche, Risler advised her not to accept the offer of Prochassons.

"Wait. Do not be in a hurry. Later, you can sell to better advantage."

He talked but of them in this affair which concerned him so gloriously. They felt that he detached himself in advance from their future.

Meanwhile the orders arrived, accumulated. The quality of the paper, the low prices, and above all the activity of fabrication, rendered any competition impossible. There could no longer be the least doubt that a colossal fortune was preparing for the Froments. The manufactory had resumed its flourishing aspect of other days and its great hive-like buzzing. It threw into activity all its buildings and the hundreds of workmen who filled them. Père Planus no longer lifted his nose from his desk; they saw him, from the little garden, bent over his great books of receipts, putting in line in figures magnificently piled up the profits of the printing press.

Risler also worked constantly, without either distraction or repose. The returned prosperity changed in nothing his habits of seclusion; and 'twas from the loftiest window of the highest floor of the hotel that he heard sweep towards him the active sound of the machines. In spite of all he was neither less sombre nor less silent. One day, however, they learned at the manufactory that the printing press, a model of its kind, obtained at the Great Exposition at Manchester, had taken the gold medal there, the definite crowning of its success. Madame George announced Risler to the good news, at the breakfast hour, and herself announced to him the good news.

For an instant he wore a smile of pride which unbent his face, grown aged and gloomy. His vanity as an inventor, the pride of the glory, above all the idea of repairing so superbly the evil done to the house by his wife, gave him a moment of real happiness. He clasped Claire's hands, and murmured as in the happy days of yore:

"I am content—I am content."

But what difference of intonation! 'Twas said without gaiety, without hope, with a satisfaction of task accomplished and nothing more.

The bell sounded for the return of the workmen, and Risler remounted the stairs tranquilly to resume his work as on ordinary day?

After a moment, he descended again. In spite of all, this news had agitated him more than he had allowed to be seen. He wandered in the garden, roved around the counting-room, smiling sadly on Père Planus through the window panes.

"What is the matter with him?" asked the old cashier of himself. "What does he want of me?"

Finally, the evening come, at the moment of closing the office, the other decided to enter and speak with him:

"Planus, my old fellow, I wish—"

He hesitated a trifle.

"I wish that you would give me—the letter, you know, the little letter with the packet."

Sigismond looked at him, stupefied. Innocently, he had imagined that Risler thought no more of Sidonie, that he had altogether forgotten her.

"What!—you wish—"

"Listen. I have well earned it. I can think a little for myself now. I have thought of others enough."

"Well, yes, right," said Planus. "Well, this is what we must do. The letter and the packet are at my house, at Montrouge. If you wish, we will dine together at the Palais-Royal, you remember, as in the old time. 'Tis I who treats. We will moisten your medal with sealed wine, something superior! Afters ards we will go to some box in company. You can take your things; and if it is too late to return, Mademoiselle Planus, my sister, will make you up a bed and you shall sleep under our roof. I'm capable there—'tis the country. To-morrow morning, at seven o'clock, we will come back together to the manufactory by the first omnibus. Come, the caprices and cries, responded to this whim of his heart. After having quitted her with an adieu full of tenderness, he found her the next day indifferent, forgetful, and this perpetual need of bringing her back had filled in him the place of a veritable passion. Serenity in love wearied him, as an ocean passage without tempests was to seamen. This time he had been with his wife very near shipwreck; and at this hour all peril was not yet past. He knew that Claire was detached from him, except for the child, the sole bond between them for the future. This removal made her appear to him more beautiful, more desirable; and he put in force, to regain her, all his art of seduction. He knew how difficult this would be and that he had not an affair with a common soul. Nevertheless he did not despair. At times, in the depths of a look so gentle, and in appearance so impassible which contemplated his efforts, a vague brightness told him to hope.

As to Sidonie, he thought of her no more. And there is no need of being astonished at this prompt moral rupture. These two superficial beings had nothing that could attach them profoundly to each other. George was incapable of feeling lasting impressions, unless they were renewed without cessation; Sidonie, on her side, could not inspire anything either tenacious or grand. 'Twas one of those amours of rencontre and youth, made up of vanities, of the spites of self-love, inspiring neither devotion nor constancy, only tragic adventures, duels, suicides from which one returns almost always and from which one returns cured. Perhaps, if he had seen her again, he might have been once more stricken with his malady; but the blast of this flight had borne Sidonie away too quickly and too far for a return to be possible. At any rate, 'twas a relief for him to be able to live without lying; and the new existence that he led, full of toil and of privations, with a distant aim of success, did not disheaten him. Happily too; for there was not too much courage and will on part of the two partners to restore the house.

A BROKEN VOYAGE.

Some five years ago, in the month of January, I had been on shore a little more than a week, and was thinking of going afloat again, when the following letter was delivered to my father by the morning post:

"Tarn Hows, Liverpool, Jan. 20, 18—.

"My DEAR SIR,—I arrived here a few days since, and am well pleased with my new command—the Asia. If your son is disengaged I can employ him as chief officer. Reply by return of post.

"Yours truly,
JOHN ENGLISH."

"Who is he?" I asked. "Do you know him?"

"I don't know much of him. I was introduced to him a week or two ago by a firm of brokers in the City, where I had called to say you were looking out for a berth. Captain English told me he was going out to take the command of a fine ship chartered for India. He seemed a very agreeable man, and I think you cannot do better than to accept this offer.

"The captain has just gone out. He expected to finish his affairs, and left word that if you arrived you could wait for him; he won't be long away. Will you walk into the parlor and sit down?"

I gratefully took a walk out and look at the neighborhood. In half an hour I went back again, but Captain English had not returned. I began relating to the barmaid a ludicrous accident I had just witnessed, and we were both laughing over it, when she suddenly stopped and said, spoke: "Oh, here is Captain English."

A tall, rather portly, pleasant-looking man of about five-and-forty years was entering. I liked his looks directly, stepped forward, and introduced myself.

"Ah, Mr. W.," he replied, in a rich, cheery tone, as he held out his hand to me, "I am glad to see you. There is a deal of work going on, on board, and we have wanted you badly for some days past. Where are you staying?"

"Nowhere as yet, sir."

"Come and stay here, then. You can't do better; and the charges are reasonable."

For some reasons I should have preferred living away from the captain's quarters. However, the hint could not be ignored, and my room was ordered.

I found later that the landlord of this inn was one Richard Prim, a retired skipper, who had once been a shipmate of Captain English. Prim had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and the Mitre flourished accordingly. He also carried on the business of ship's outfit, and did well at it.

"Now," said Captain English to me, "you had better go and take a look at the ship, and make acquaintance with Mr. Sterner, the chief officer. You will then be all ready for turning to in the morning at six o'clock."

"Very good, sir; I'll go at once," was my answer. On board I had reached the doorway when he called me back.

"Mr. W., I have a word to say;" and his blue eyes darkened and looked hard and stern. Until now he had been all softness and good humor, and the change was striking. It gave me his measure at once; a good master to a good man; but the saints help the one who did not please him.

Mr. W.," he began, carefully shutting the parlor door, "I like your appearance. Judging from your testimonials, I believe you will suit me; and I will, for your sake, offer you a word of advice. Give the two damsels here some "free and easy" as to laughing and talking, but I saw no other harm in them. A sudden turn, and I came in sight of the Asia. One glance at her masts told me she was American built. In another minute I was standing alongside her on the dock quay. The captain's description was not overdrawn. I thought I had never before seen a ship in such an untidy, filthy state. It gave me the blues to look at her.

The Asia was what is called, in America, "down-east built," about 1500 tons burthen. There was a deck-house, aft, for the captain and cabin passengers, if any, and fore and main hatchways for the crew. It contained also a sail locker, store-room, and the galley. A topsallant forecastle and a "monkey" poop completed the deck plan.

She was being loaded with patent fuel. Square blocks of coal dust, tar, &c., compressed together, each about a foot long and half as much broad. These were piled up on the deck, and some were lying about, loose and broken. Everything was coated thickly with dust from the stuff; decks, masts, bulwarks, &c. The weather had been showery during the day, and the rain had washed the dust and dirt off in streaks and patches all about the ship; the lower parts on the deck looked like ink. Most of the rigging was adrift. Some of the yards were across, others on deck, and all "anyhow;" the tops of the deck-houses and hatchered rails were piled high with all sorts of gear; hawsers, ropes, oars, spare planks. Altogether she was a most melancholy object. I was contemplating the state of affairs, when the chief officer came out of the cabin. His appearance was in keeping with the ship's. His face was grimed with dust, and the rain had drawn streaks on it as on the sides of the houses. He was a little man, good-tempered looking, about forty apparently.

Mr. Sterner did not know much about the ship. When he joined her, a few days before, only the shipkeeper was by the ship, which had been brought round from the North by a crew of runners, and he had been engaged since she came into dock. Sterner told me the Asia was the property of a very rich man, who had recently gone into the shipowning line. She was the first of a numerous fleet he intended to sail. The Europe and India Steamship Company had chartered her to convey patent fuel to Calcutta, and she was to load for home at some one of the Indian ports. He thought she looked like a pretty good sea-boat. She was dirty and a perfect wreck aloft, but the riggers and painters would after that. A large quantity of stores had come down from London, and waited my arrival to be taken on board.

I returned to the Mitre not at all captivated by the ship's appearance.

The next morning I went on board. Four hands were pumping the ship out, not at all a usual operation in dock. After about twenty minutes, seeing she did not "suck," I inquired of my elder if she was making water. I had been standing. "Since last night," he replied. "We pump her out at six o'clock, morning and evening."

"What does she make under she must make?"

"Pretty well; but she has been lying up all last summer. Her sides are bound to leak a goodish bit in the cargo part after she is afloat. They'll take up by-and-by."

This was reasonable enough, and I thought no more of it at the time, although it took three-quarters of an hour to dry her deck.

When I found this continued as a regular thing, night and morning, I did not half like it, and asked an opportunity of talking to the chief after supper. He seemed pretty old, and looked as if she had been used to hard work and plenty of it. There was nothing in particular to find fault with in his manner, I could see. The captain and she'd take up by-and-by; the mate seemed quite complacent about it all; so I could only make up my mind that matters would be all right in time.

We were to sail in about a week's time, and everything had yet to be done to get the ship ready for sea. All my experience as I never and such a week's work before or since. Nearly all the stores came from London. The owner would have the best of everything, and plenty of it; and the best could only, he believed, be procured there. The ship, certainly, was found in a most liberal manner. The pay was good—as high as on board any sailing ship in the port; and judging from the quantity of luxuries, wines, &c., put on board, we were to live like fighting-cocks. Even the new sails were sent down from London—and a nice job they gave us. Of course not one fitted properly. They had all to be unbent and carted up to a sail-loft, costing no end of money for alterations. Even then they never "set" properly. By the end of the week the loading was completed, and all things were ship-shape. One could scarcely have recognized in the clean, smart-looking ship, the dirty wreck of a few days ago.

It was on the second day after I joined, that the owner, Mr. Buckle, had arrived at the Mitre from London. "You may depend on being in so rich and great a man to take up his quarters here," remarked Miss Prim, "but he does it to be with Captain English."

Mr. Buckle was a most courteous, gentlemanly man, wearing light gold-rimmed spectacles His face looked kindness itself. He came frequently on board, and quite won the hearts of all hands by his affability. He was liberal to a degree. The officers had only to suggest to him that a thing was required, and it was ordered at once. One day, by the by, I noticed several rotten places in it. Mr. Buckle was standing by at the time, and I pointed it out to him. A new lanyard was ordered instantly. In short, although the hands of the stores and other things had come from London, many articles had to be got in Liverpool; shipchandlers, sail-makers, and others were extensively patronized by Mr. Buckle. Prim got his share of it by supplying new anchors, a chain cable, and no end of ironwork. It oozed out that Mr. Buckle was about purchasing a quarter of a ship in London, to follow the Asia out of Liverpool. All the tradespeople, including Prim, looked forward to making a rare good thing out of Mr. Buckle's ships. The Asia was to prove to have special favor, and whispered, as he shook hands with me at parting, that I should get a chief's berth next time in one of his magnificent ships. Three days before we sailed, Mr. Buckle returned to London.

Nevertheless, I could not feel easy in my mind about the ship herself—the Asia. She certainly looked better, but less water-day, by day; but she leaked far too much, in my opinion, for a ship lying quietly in dock. Besides this, she was very deep in the water. The freight was high. The more cargo she carried, the more money the owner would pocket. This was evidently the principle which had regulated the quantity taken on board. Another old hand, as the saying goes, "like a sand barge." The chief officer and I talked it over. He did not seem at all anxious. The captain laughed outright at the whole thing, only repeating that she'd "take up" by and by.

We signed articles the day Mr. Buckle left—a Friday—and a first rate crew we got, nearly all Welshmen. The mate, Jones, and Evans, was equal to any two men in Liverpool. He was about six feet and a half high—broad and strong in proportion. I mentally determined to have him in my watch, if possible. Monday was our sailing day. Indeed, we were now ready for sea, and only waited for water enough to float us over the dock sill.

On the Saturday morning I went on board at six o'clock. There was no general work doing; I had merely to see that the ship was properly pumped out. As usual, there was a good deal of water in her—far more than I liked to see. On returning to the Mitre for breakfast, I found the place in a commotion. Captain English had gone suddenly mad.

"Mad!" I said to one of the barmaids, Julia, who had given me the information and was busy. "Is it mad? What do you mean? Captain English was well and hearty last night."

"All the same, Mr. W., he is mad now. The doctor can make nothing of him, poor gentleman."

Captain English was in bed, and I went to his room. He gazed steadily at me. My first thought was, "He is mad." And he does not look it." I had never seen *intelligence* more plainly shine out of a pair of eyes. "Good morning, sir," I said, advancing to the bed. "I am sorry to hear that you are not well." His reply startled me; although it was given in his usual tone and manner.

"Ah, Mr. Sterner, good morning. All ready for sea, eh! Very well; I'll be on board presently. You can be passing the hawse in the meanwhile."

I looked at the doctor. At the doctor. An expressive lifting of the eyebrows was his only response. At that moment Mrs. Prim came in. "Mary Ann," he said to her (and we all knew that Mary Ann was the servant-maid in his house in London), "tell Mrs. English to have my things looked out. I am going to Liverpool this afternoon."

He was evidently quite out of his mind. "What can have caused it?" I asked of the doctor, beckoning him out of the room.

"Can't say," was the answer, given with a shrug of the shoulders. "It seems a most singular case. Quite well last night on going to bed; ate a good meal this morning. He does not look mad either; that is the most curious part of it. His eye is as steady and calm as possible."

"Will he soon recover?"

"Don't know at all. I cannot give an opinion just yet. We must wait and see how the day passes. If, towards evening, there is no change, Doctor Sinn should be called in. He is by far the best man in these cases."

After breakfast, Prim telegraphed to Mr. Buckle, asking instructions. Back came the answer, "I am extremely distressed at the sad news. You will receive a letter from me to-morrow morning."

In the evening there was no improvement. Captain English was constantly rambling in his mind—talking nonsense on twenty different subjects. At one time he imagined himself at home. Then in Liverpool. Sometimes he was on board, giving orders. "I went into the room during the dinner hour. As I opened the door he fixed his eyes upon me. "Come in, Mr. W.," he said. "I was all left behind; I be quite reconciliated now. But he was flaming like himself on board at sea. "How is her head, Mr. W.? How's the wind?" he continued, and he seemed that he was laughing at my answer to his questions. "What nor'-west, eh! S'iff breeze! Inclining to free? Very good. Keep her off a point, and clock to the upper yards a bit. And, I say, don't be afraid of her. Everything is good aloft. Cost enough in Liverpool. You can give her a good hard lick. There, that'll do. If the wind frees, keep her up a point again. Let me know if there is any change." All this, of itself, was as lucid as possible. His eyes, above all, astonished me—still as clear and steady as ever.

Dr. Sinn was called in; and came. I was present. He put a few questions to the captain, but received such extravagant, absurd answers that he soon ceased asking any. He inquired of Mrs. Prim about his habits. "Did he drink?" "Oh dear, no," she replied; "quite the contrary. Scarcely took a glassful of ale with his dinner." "Had he experienced any trouble of late?" "No, not that she ever heard of. He had been a good deal worried about the ship during the last week; getting her ready for sea. There were so many things he had to think of."

Doctor Sinn could make nothing of the case—said it quite set at naught all his previous experience. The captain was as quiet as need be—taking his meals regularly, as usual.

In the morning a letter arrived from the owner. It was impossible for him to leave London just then. Prim was requested to take the management of affairs, and, if necessary, appoint a commander to the Asia in the place of Captain English. The ship must absolutely *sail to time.*

Well, the end of it was, that a Captain Roberts was appointed. Prim knew him well, and he was looking out for a ship. Our spirits sank to zero when we saw the man. At least, mine did; I can't answer for Sterner's. "Very coarse skipper was a "caution"; ugly, discourteous, stern; nothing of his face to be seen for hair, except a narrow strip of forehead, and a nose that looked as if it had been up Mont Blanc. He was utterly uncultivated; bearish and surly, and seemed never in his life to have spoken with gentlemen. We could not help ourselves. All who had signed articles with Captain English *must* sail in the ship, or desert. This *I* could not do. The spirit was willing; but the penalty attaching was an effectual dispenser of rebellious thoughts.

I believe every man on board shared my feelings, more or less, in this respect. The second mate Captain Roberts presented to his predecessor was enough to account for the fact. They had signed to sail under a gentleman. Nothing scarcely, would have induced them to do so with so rough, evil-looking, and common a skipper.

Monday morning broke in due course. The weather was dull, but mild for the time of the year. A light wind westerly and light. We left the dock at ten o'clock. Collected on the pier-head to bid us a last "pleasant voyage" were most of the tradesmen who had supplied the ship. Prim amongst them.

Captain English was said to be improving. The doctors thought there was a change for the better. Prim called this out to me. "I hope he is," he said, significantly, "for a more ugly customer I never shipped," I answered, significantly.

"Slack away, off there; slack away!" roared the pilot. "What the deuce are you about?" Taking in Prim, I had allowed the stern rope to slacken a little.

"Slack it is. All slack aft!" And we passed out between the pier-heads. The last thing I heard as we got into the river was a remark of the dock-keeper to one of his men.

"I say, Ned, she's thundering deep for the voyage she's going!"

He might well say so. She was deep. Frightfully deep for a leaky ship. I vow I felt half heart-sick as I thought of it all: of the overladen, leaky ship and the new skipper. There existed no compulsory survey, no load-line. Such things were not talked of then.

We cleared the dock, and, with a powerful tug ahead, made good way down the river. Our orders were to tow past Holyhead, well into the Irish Channel. The inevitable "if the wind had been northerly" a little, so we made sail; the tug cast off our hawser, and wishing us luck, steamed back toward Liverpool.

For four days we had a leading wind, light to moderate, with smooth water, which took us well away from the land. On the fifth day it backed into the south-west, but kept moderate.

All this time the ship did not seem to make any more water. Every four hours she was pumped, and a quarter of an hour's good spell generally sucked her dry.

On the sixth day after we left Liverpool, the wind freshened up, a heavy swell setting at the same time from the south'ard and west'ard. It was delightful we could just carry topsallant-sails. The barometer fell slowly as it steadily. At 11 p. m. the topgallant-sails were furled. The ship was pitching a good deal, and at seven bells there was a long spell of pumping out.

The glass continued steadily falling, but the wind did not increase any more till four bells. The upper fore and maintop-sails were reefed and the mizzen one furled. The sea and swell had much increased. What was of far more importance, our leak (or leaks) had increased also. It took us nearly three-quarters of an hour every four hours to pump the ship out.

That night, about ten o'clock, the gale, which had been gradually working in way across the Atlantic, came up to us. It was a gale, rattling down upon the ship at last all at once, like a cartload of bricks. The ship lay over on her pitch. The wind blew half a hurricane. The rain fell in sheets, while the sea made clean breaches over the ship, nearly drowning us at times, and keeping us up to the knees in water on deck. To crown, it was bitterly cold.

Working under such circumstances was half killing. Landsmen can form no idea of it: one of the terrible hardships Jack—and his master too—encounter at times. In a hardened sailor, sometimes wonder how it is done, and borne.

For eight solid hours we worked away. I expected we should never get the sails in "whole." At length we had the ship hove to under the lower maintop-sail. We were all tired out, but there was no rest for us. After a meal of salt beef and biscuit, washed down with cold water, and oh luxury! seasoned with a pipe, had to be pumped out.

"All hands pump ship," was now the order. It took *four hours* to dry her out. This was fearful. One watch was then told to "go below," and all hands were sent to breakfast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SWALLOW.—The touching love for her young, her unfailing nesting against houses, her roving games in the air, her coming and going with the coming and departing days of summer: all this has awakened tender feelings to-ards her, has made her sacred. It is on account of these qualities that so many a fond belief is connected with this bird. Where the swallow builds no lightening will fall; the place she deserts is taken possession of by death; and wherever destroys her nest destroys, in doing so, his own for fortune, while blessings attend the long liable protector.

MOVING THE OBELISK.

The English government is about to transfer the giant obelisk, known as Cleopatra's Needle, from its present locality at Alexandria, to the embankment of the Thames. The process of removal is so unique that we copy a portion of it from the London Times: "The sand is to be cleared away and the obelisk set square, parallel with the existing sea wall. An iron cylinder, finished with a closed edge, will next be constructed to give it strength, is to be constructed round the obelisk which is to lie in the long axis of the cylinder and to be wedged and bolted to it. The space between the cylinder plugs so as to divide the cylinder into water-tight compartments. The cylinder is to be 90 feet long by 15 feet in diameter, and will have a draft of 9 feet of water when afloat. All being riveted water-tight, it will be rolled into the sea and across the sandy bed of the water till it floats. It will then be turned over until the cylinder is on the top opened, and about thirty tons of ballast to keep the ends vertical, so as to act like stem and stern. It will then have no high bow and stern, but a rudder and mast, and lug sails attached, and be provided with an anchor and good chain cables, and, if necessary, a pump in case of leakage. The cylinder will be towed by a tug to go to any port of the world with its freight, and in any weather." This novel craft will be towed to England this summer, and by means of a few powerful hydraulic rams will be elevated to its site on the embankment. The entire cost will be only $50,000, while that of the Paris obelisk cost $400, 000. The entire height is 50 feet and it is 7 feet at the base.

A REMARKABLE INVENTOR.

A brief paragraph in the Scientific American mentions the fact that Dr. C. O. Cooley, of New Haven, has recently perfected a machine for automatically pointing needles, the claim for which produces perfect points at the rate of one hundred and fifty per minute, or nearly a thousand per day. This item of news recalls some other facts in the life of Dr. Cooley, which appear to be of interest. Dr. Cooley is as they show him to be a remarkable inventor in the number as well as the ingenuity of his productions. Dr. Cooley is a native of Hartford, and is about sixty years old. He has had a varied experience, having worked on a canal, in a printing office, a woolen factory, as a clerk in a store, as a silversmith, has been an actor, a lecturer, a dentist, and an inventor. One of his inventions is a machine for making fish-hooks that makes over one hundred finished fishhooks a minute, and so cheaply that they can be exported and sold in England at fifteen per cent. less than they can be made in that country. Another is the needle machine, which has almost revolutionized the manufacture of needles. Accompanying this machine is another of his inventions for counting and putting the needles into papers. A machine for making wood screw pins, a ruffle and tape-trimming machine, and one for sewing boots are among the number of the inventions of this remarkable man, who has been one of the chief customers of the patent office, his letters patent numbering about one hundred and fifty.

FEASTING AT FUNERALS.

Probably there is no other county in the State, or the United States, for that matter, where feasting at funerals prevails to to great an extent as in Lehigh county. It is a custom prevails also in the counties of Berks, and Northampton. When a the father or farmer or his wife dies, the breath is scarcely out of the body before preparations for the usual funeral feast begin on a grand scale. Oxen are killed and the fatted calf is brought to the block. Fowls are slaughtered by the hundred. The smoke from the cooking stoves are kept busy for days, cooking, baking, and roasting. Immense supplies of bread, pies, and pastry are provided. The neighbors gather in from far and near. No one is bidden. On the day of the funeral the feasting commences early in the morning and is kept up to a late hour in the day. Half a dozen tables are set, and nearly all the rooms of the house are occupied by the feasters. Everybody who attends is supposed to eat two or three times a day, near neighbors as well as people from a distance. As many as from 300 to 600 persons are feasted at one of the grand country funerals. The horses of attendants are also put up and fed. These funerals are, perverted as they are, it is considered "mean" to omit on solemn occasions like these. In fact, the immediate family are not consulted in the matter. They are the "mourners," and are at the mercy of the volunteer attendants, who take possession of the house and arrange everything to suit themselves—and the family, of course, but taking it for granted that their most extravagant suggestions will be approved. Now, all this shows a great stretch of hospitality and liberality, but in a high time the custom was abandoned. While a rich family may be able to afford it, one not so rich must find it a very serious and expensive business. Such a custom, we believe, prevails nowhere except in the lower portion of Pennsylvania.—*Allentown Carondelet.*

LOVE FOR CHILDREN.—The little ones must have love much as they must have food, air, and good play, and some good companionship outside, otherwise the young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering or growing hard, and becoming prematurely old and turned inward on itself.

THE PRODIGAL.

Inheritors of vast wealth are proverbially spendthrifts. Children of poverty, inheriting the mine, refined, and colored, by the labor of other lives as well as their own, are of other brown. Like children playing with an expensive toy, they can form no just estimate of its value. Where the desert is a patch. The wind blew half a hurricane. The rain fell in sheets, while the sea made clean breaches over the ship, nearly drowning us at times, and keeping us up to the knees in water on deck. To crown, it was bitterly cold.

Working under such circumstances was half killing. Landsmen can form no idea of it: one of the terrible hardships Jack—and his master too—encounter at times. In a hardened sailor, sometimes wonder how it is done, and borne.

For eight solid hours we worked away. I expected we should never get the sails in "whole." At length we had the ship hove to under the lower maintop-sail. We were all tired out, but there was no rest for us. After a meal of salt beef and biscuit, washed down with cold water, and oh luxury! seasoned with a pipe, had to be pumped out.

"All hands pump ship," was now the order. It took *four hours* to dry her out. This was fearful. One watch was then told to "go below," and all hands were sent to breakfast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heart is a crystal palace; once broken it can never be mended.

ABSENCE.

"Ere the snow the violets bloom,
Waiting for the spring to come;
Ere the silver ice
Currents of the rivers ran;
Ere beneath my cold reserve
Lies my longing love for thee;
Ere the sun shines on the hidden depths,
Constant as the tide at sea.

Brightly shines the sun, behind
Clouds that threaten storms to earth.
Love-gift by the mother names
Oft her child before its birth;
So, when storms assail my heart,
Turn my thoughts alone to thee,
And the song that memory wakes
Brings my soul tranquillity.

RACHEL BROWN'S MEMORIAL.

A Story of Marriage and Divorce.

BY H. S. ENGLE.

(This story was commenced in No. 36, Vol. 26. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XXII.

A STORM IMMINENT.

"Mr. Carson, I'll have to have some more money before I can make the present purchase."

"No doubt of it, Alliston; its money 'at makes the mar' go."

Gideon looked innocently at Alliston as he spoke, and the latter saw a complete revelation in the steel-gray eyes; he knew that Gideon had found or worked his ruin. Why had not the blow fallen sooner?

"I suppose I'll be obliged to borrow," said Alliston, endeavoring to calm his agitated mind.

"I reckon," said Carson, indifferently.

"I suppose Mrs. Bostwick will join me in a mortgage of this property to get the money?"

"Not by any means!" said Carson, with a smile that a fiend would have envied.

"Mr. Carson, do you mean to insult me? Has Conrad Alliston's paper ever been dishonored? I shall speak to Mrs. Bostwick. One would think you were proprietor here!"

Alliston's eyes flashed like fire. Carson smiled—only! And Alliston turned on his heel and walked toward the house. His blood was up and no telling what he would do.

"Confound the man," he muttered between his closed teeth. "I wish he had been in perdition before I ever seen him. No, I do not; I'd rather enjoy the luxury of plunging a dagger into his black heart! I'd let some of the black blood out!"

The reader does not recognize the man as the Hon. Conrad Alliston, the pleasant man whom we introduced a few chapters back. If you had seen a gallant ship plowing the mighty deep on a fair day, and in another week beheld a wreck stranded on a stormy rock, would you not ask: "Can this be the proud vessel I saw a week ago?"

Mr. Alliston did not go directly to the house. He sat down on a rustic seat beneath a fine old tree. His face was almost purple, his lips were set firmly upon his teeth, and the muscles of his face were in a state of spasmodic contraction; his eyes fairly shone with the fire that was burning in his brain! What must have been the agony of that man when he saw in a proper light his inevitable ruin? He was bound hand and foot, and sworn his very soul was delivered by the will of Gideon Carson. And in so short a time.

I cannot tell the thoughts that passed through his mind, but I know that each one seemed to burn its way through, and even his breath come quick and hot. But he grew more calm, and when the storm lulled it left only a black shade about his eyes and stiffened lips.

At last, with settled purpose he drew his blank book from his pocket and with a firm steady hand wrote a note and addressed it to Amelia Bostwick. The note was written slowly, he seeming to study the import of every word. There must have been something in it that pleased him, for as he read it over his eyes lit up with a strange light and he said in a hoarse voice so unlike his own:

"Now let him scald! I know she'll do it; for, my God! can't I remember that day?" and with another smile he walked toward the house.

He met Amelia in the hall and putting the note into her hand he said: "Read this and answer me as soon as possible."

Amelia answered with a smile and passed on into the room. Mr. Alliston turned and went directly to the mill.

"Did you see her?" asked Gideon sneeringly.

"I did," replied Alliston calmly.

"Made the arrangement, of course."

"I did not speak to her on the subject. But whatever arrangement I make with her I hope will be satisfactory to you. I hope so truly, Mr. Carson."

It was Alliston's manner more than his words that cut the old man, and with a flush on his shadowed cheek he turned suddenly away merely saying in a crusty tone:

"Certainly, Mr. Alliston, certainly."

"I am truly glad to hear it, *truly!*" said Alliston after him, and he smiled in triumph.

In the afternoon Mr. Alliston walked in the lawn, until as if by accident, Amelia met him.

"Have you an answer to my note?" asked Alliston, in an undertone.

"Yes."

"Very well. Is it written?"

"No! words spoken to air are as good as those committed to paper, and often the safest."

"True; but some prowler may hear."

"Ha! ha! They might, but I defy them to understand!"

"Very well! speak on."

"I will do what you request."

"God bless you!"

"No, no! you make more sacrifice than I do." Tears filled her eyes.

"Hush-sh! say no more. We will be quiet about it and expedite things as much as possible. We've a great deal to do, and it can not be done in less than a month. Keep your own counsel and all will be well. We must not leave a warm trail! God-bye and God bless you!" and Alliston turned to go.

"Stop a moment, Amelia," said he suddenly, then walking close to her said in a low tone:

"Destroy my note immediately, will you?"

"Yes, I have it here in my pocket. You may destroy it yourself. No, I left it in my trunk; but I will burn it to-night."

"Very well; good-bye again. Don't forget now."

"Never!" said she.

Mr. Alliston was not mistaken. His name or a note for any reasonable amount would be received by any one who had money to lend, and his paper was said by every one to be "good as the gold." Taking advantage of things he set about raising cash by giving a note without [illegible] when he had twenty-five, [illegible] dollars to lend. By this [illegible] a considerable sum of [illegible] there was hardly a man [illegible] but had his obligation [illegible].

He ventured to say that [illegible] rather deep water, [illegible] old Eagles [illegible] to pursue the subject further.

In the [illegible] Mr. Alliston was gone [illegible] the time. Of course he [illegible] manufactories and got the [illegible] for his mill. Of course a man [illegible] must travel a great deal, so the man he [illegible] was to be visiting machi[illegible] was well see presently. [illegible] reply a storm impending—a [illegible] rush every beating h[illegible] and shiver into atoms more [illegible].

CHAP[illegible]

THE [illegible]

It came at last! A [illegible] from some friends [illegible] was to be gone a week [illegible]. In two days after [illegible] Indianapolis to m[illegible] He bade his family [illegible] ate farewell, as they [illegible] long and dangerous [illegible] was to be gone [illegible] wouldn't [illegible] the city [illegible] full of desp[illegible] last the visit [illegible] [thrown a shad[illegible] some face. "Coming events cast shadows before." Still that is all about it—it is all guess-work. W[illegible] that from some cause they all felt [illegible] yet they could not tell why, and neith[illegible] tell you.

The two days passed quickly by; a[illegible] the appointed time Ned was at the door to convey his father home. But the d[illegible] passed by and Mr. Alliston was not aboard. Ned went home disappointed, and h[illegible] was filled with foreboding[illegible].

"Been knocked down and robbed as like as not!" said she, when she saw Ned coming alone in the buggy.

"Oh, no, mother; he has not got th[illegible] with his business in time to come [illegible] no time to write."

"He'll be at home to-morrow, no[illegible] said Abby.

But Mary's face was pale and [illegible] had a strange, anxious look in the[illegible] seemed to know by some intu[illegible] something was wrong, and, alth[illegible] tried to hope, she could not, and [illegible] that followed was spent [illegible] anxiety.

The next day, long before [illegible] went to Hopeville herself to [illegible] band. She looked pale and [illegible] frame trembled under its w[illegible]

Abby tried to cheer her [illegible] force she started, but hope s[illegible] the storm of anxiety when she [illegible] the road to the station.

It was only a short distan[illegible] dragged so slowly along th[illegible] to stop awhile at Rachel Br[illegible]

"Oh thee's always frighte[illegible] Conrad's out of thy sight; nobody [illegible] kill him, little simpleton!" said Ra[illegible] her rattling way.

"I know I am often uneasy when there is no call for uneasiness, but I cannot help it. He had so much money with him and there are so many rogues in the city, you know."

"Yes, yes, indeed; but thee'll see him safe and sound when the train comes; so cheer up! don't let him see thee with such a face as that!" and Rachel's laugh ran musically past Mary's ears.

At last it was time to go the station, and as a result of Rachel's cheery talk, Mrs. Alliston's spirits arose, and when the train came thundering up to the platform her heart beat high with expectation.

The cars stopped—one old woman was helped off; the conductor waved his hand to the engineer and the train moved off again!

It was very soon over, but sudden as it was the blood seemed to leave Mrs. Alliston's face; her heart stopped still a moment and with a groan she sank into a seat on the platform!

She was stronger than she might have been, for she did not faint. But in those few moments of almost suspended animation, she beheld a vision of her husband lying stark and white with staring, sightless eyes, hidden away in some old and unfrequented building, to decay unfound, or to be found, perhaps, after it was too late to recognize him; or, even if he was found and promptly identified, to be sent home to her with the dear life gone out at the hand of an assassin, and the vision sent a thrill of horror through her frame.

"Let's goto the post-office," said Rachel in a hoarse whisper, and the two women with white, anxious faces, hurried thither.

"There is a letter, but no letter, Mrs. Alliston," said the postmaster blandly.

Mary turned her face imploringly to Rachel and endeavored to speak, but Rachel only heard the word "Telegraph!" in a husky voice.

In a moment they were at the telegraph office, and grasping a pencil Mary wrote:

MESSRS. WHITE & HALL

My husband left here on Monday to buy some machinery of you. He was to have been here yesterday, but I have not heard from him since he left home.

MARY ALLISTON.

In answer:

MRS. MARY ALLISTON

Mr. Alliston has not been here. Mr. Alliston: but will inquire if he has been in the city and let you know to-morrow.

WHITE & HALL

The eyes of the two women did not meet. Each was afraid to look at the other. But they walked together in silence to Rachel's home where Paul was made acquainted with the state of things.

"I shall go to the city immediately and make a search for him. There can be no mistake in mistaken identity. I will search, can, Mary, and may God bear thee up under this trial!" said Paul, and Mary's intense feelings gave way and she wept. In half an hour more Paul was on his way to the city.

"I shall go home with thee, Mary," said Rachel, and she set about making preparations.

It was a short but gloomy drive to the Nest. Mary was too full of grief to speak, and every heart-beat of Rachel's was in sympathy with Mary.

When they arrived they found a messenger from Mr. Carson. He had brought a letter to Mrs. Alliston. It was no doubt concerning some business of Mr. Alliston's, and she did not feel like opening it then. But on second thought she decided to a read it. Maybe it was something important.

She opened it and read a little distance down the page, then with a piercing cry of anguish she fell heavily to the floor.

Mary Alliston never spoke again! She was carried to a bed, and Ned was hurried off after a doctor. They tried every effort to bring the life back, but she lay there white as the pillows on which she rested, barely breathing.

The doctor came. He asked a few questions, examined her closely, then asked to see the letter that had affected her so terribly.

Rachel who had picked it up from the floor to preserve it, gave it to him and he read:

MRS. ALLISTON

I found this letter in Amelia's room to-day. It is dated about six weeks ago, and explains itself.

O. CARSON.

This was written on a small bit of paper, and pinned to a leaf from a pocket blank-book on which was written:

DEAR MRS. BOSTWICK:

I have a proposition to make to you. I have found to my dismay that I love you. And knowing this my family has grown to be a curse to my life, I cannot go home without feeling guilty. Thus far I am guilty of a rival crime. I have no peace. I have thrown temptation and have just quarreled with your father. This is the reason: now for the proposition. Let us mortgage everything we have and take the money and fly from this Purgatory forever. If you can make the sacrifice, come with me—be my wife and have the love and devotion forever of your faithful

CONRAD ALLISTON.

P. S.—Burn this immediately and God help you to help me!

C. A.

The doctor read the letter through; then folding it he handed it back to Rachel, and said:

"She has had a powerful shock. She will probably not survive this, though she may live many days.

"I will prepared some medicine and was [illegible]

"A fatal letter was the one which Mr. [illegible] had written on the morning after [illegible] with Gaunte; and which [illegible] red to in the last chapter. Amelia [illegible] otten to destroy it and thus it told [illegible] story. The two had gone off [illegible]

CHAPTER XXIV.

FURY OF THE STORM.

[illegible]on lay dying, and on another [illegible] almost as ill as her [illegible] Conrad Alliston.

[illegible]e had expressed fears [illegible]—consumption—had [illegible], but nothing se[illegible] reading of [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

bed like an unconscious mass. But Sunday was long and wretched for him. The silence of the courtyards, of the deserted workshops, opened to his thoughts a wider field. He strove to work; but the encouragement of the labor of others was wanting to his. He alone was occupied in this great manufactory in repose, the breath of which came to an opposite. The belts shut, the blinds closed, the sonorous voice of Père Achille playing with his dog in the abandoned courtyards, all spoke to him of solitude. And the quarter she gave him this impression. In the cleared streets, where the promenaders were quiet and rare, the clash of the bells sounding unexpectedly sadly, and sometimes an echo of the Parisian tumult, of wheels in motion, a tardy organ, the clatter of a female pastry-vender, traversed the silence as if to augment it further.

Rister searched for combinations of flowers and foliage, and whilst he wielded his crayon, his thoughts, which did not find in that a sufficient application, escaped fully

ABSENCE.

Hush the snow the violets bloom,
Waiting for the spring to come;
Underneath the silver ice
Currents of the rivers run;
So beneath my cold reserve
Lies my longing love for thee;
Soundless is my passive depths,
Constant as the tide at sea.

Brightly shines the sun, behind
Clouds that threaten storms to earth.
Love sits by the mother names
Of her child before its birth;
So when storms assail my heart,
Turn my thoughts alone to thee,
And the song that melts my wakes,
Brings my soul tranquility.

RACHEL BROWN'S MEMORIAL.

A Story of Marriage and Divorce.

BY E. E. ENGLE.

(This story was commenced in No. 30, Vol. 8. Back numbers can always be obtained).

CHAPTER XXII.

A STORM IMMINENT.

"Mr. Carson, I'll have to have some more money before I can make the present purchase."

"No doubt of it, Allston; its money 'at makes the mar' go."

Gideon looked innocently at Allston as he spoke, and the latter saw a complete revelation in the steel-gray eyes; he knew that Gideon had planned and worked his ruin. Why had not he seen it sooner?

"I suppose I'll be obliged to borrow," said Allston, endeavoring to calm his agitated mind.

"I reckon," said Carson, indifferently.

"I suppose Mrs. Bostwick will join me in a mortgage of this property to get the money?"

"Not by *my* means!" said Carson, with a smile that a fiend would have envied.

"Mr. Carson, do you mean to insult me? Has Conrad Allston's paper ever been dishonored? I shall speak to Mrs. Bostwick. One would think you were proprietor here?"

Allston's eyes flashed like fire. Carson smiled—only! And Allston turned on his heel and walked toward the house. His blood was up and no telling what he would do.

"Confound the man," he muttered between his closed teeth. "I have had been in perdition before I ever seen him. No, I do not; I'd rather enjoy the luxury of plunging a dagger into his black heart! I'd let some of the black blood out!"

The reader does not recognize the man as the Hon. Conrad Allston, the pleasant man whom we introduced a few chapters back. If you had seen a gallant ship plowing the mighty deep on a fair day, and in another week beheld a wreck stranded on a stormy rock, would you not ask: "Can this be the proud vessel I saw a week ago?"

Mr. Allston did not go directly to the house. He sat down on a rustic seat beneath a fine old tree. His face was almost purple, his lips were set firmly upon his teeth, and the muscles of his face were in a state of spasmodic contraction; his eyes fairly shone with the fire that was burning in his brain! What must have been the agony of that man when he saw in a proper light his inevitable ruin? He was bound hand and foot, and even his very soul was fettered by the will of Gideon Carson. And in so short a time.

I cannot tell the thoughts that passed through his mind, but I know that each one seemed to burn its way through, and even his breath come quick and hot. But he grew more calm, and when the storm lulled it left only a black shade about his eyes and stiffened lips.

At last, with settled purpose he drew his blank book from his pocket and with a firm steady hand wrote a note and addressed it to Amelia Bostwick. The note was written slowly, he seeming to study the import of every word. There must have been something in it that pleased him, for as he read it over his eyes lit up with a strange light and he said in a hoarse voice so unlike his own:

"Now let him scald! I know she'll do it; for, my God! can't I remember that day?" and with another smile he walked toward the house.

He met Amelia in the hall and putting the note in her hand he said: "Read this and answer me as soon as possible."

Amelia answered with a smile and passed on into her room. Mr. Allston turned and went directly to the stable.

"Did you see her?" asked Gideon sneeringly.

"I did," replied Allston calmly.

"Made the arrangement, of course."

"I did not speak to her on the subject. But whatever arrangement I make with her I *hope* will be satisfactory to you. I *hope* so truly, Mr. Carson."

It was Allston's manner more than his words that cut the old man, and with a flush on his hardened cheek he turned suddenly away merely saying in a crusty tone:

"Certainly, Mr. Allston, certainly."

"I am truly glad to hear it, *truly*!" said Allston after him, and he smiled in triumph.

In the afternoon Mr. Allston walked in the lawn, until as if by accident, Amelia met him.

"Have you an answer to my note?" asked Allston, in an undertone.

"Yes."

"Very well. Is it written?"

"No! words spoken to air are as good as those committed to paper, and often the safest."

"True; but some prowler may hear."

"Ha! ha! They might, but I defy them to understand!"

"Very well! speak on."

"I will do what you request."

"God bless you!"

"No, no! you make more sacrifice than I do." Tears filled her eyes.

"Hush-sh! say no more. We will be quiet about it and expedite things as much as possible. We've a great deal to do, and it can not be done in less than a month. Keep your own counsel and all will be well. We must not leave a warm trail! Good-bye and God bless you!" and Allston turned to go.

"Stop a moment, Amelia," said he suddenly, then walking close to her said in a low tone:

"Destroy my note immediately, will you?"

"Yes, I have it here in my pocket. You may destroy it yourself. No, I left it in my trunk; but I will burn it to-night."

"Very well; good-bye again. Don't forget now."

"Never!" said she.

Mr. Allston was not mistaken. His name or a note for any reasonable amount would be received by any one who had money to lend, and his paper was said by every one to be "good as the gold." Taking advantage of this state of things he set about raising needed funds by giving a note without security to any one who had twenty-five, fifty or a hundred dollars to lend. By this mode he raised a considerable sum of money and at last there was hardly a man in the country around but had his obligation for some amount.

Some prudent men ventured to say that Allston was going into rather deep water, but they were dumfounded as old Bostwick immediately, and few cared to pursue the subject further.

In the month that followed Mr. Allston was gone a great deal of the time. Of course he must visit various manufactories and get the best machinery for his mill. Of course a man in his business must travel a great deal, and no one thought strange, that the man had other work to see to beside visiting machine shops; what it was we will see presently. But there was surely a storm impending—a storm that would rush every beating heart in its path, and shiver into atoms more lives than one.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STORM.

It came at last! Amelia was away on a visit to some friends at Richmond. She was to be gone a week or two.

In two days after Mr. Allston went to Indianapolis to make the final purchases. He bade his family a painful and affectionate farewell, as though he was going on a long and dangerous journey, and instead he was to be gone but two days! He took considerable money with him, and going to the city with a pocket full of money is often full of danger. This thought may have laid the weight upon the hearts of Mr. Allston's family and thrown a shadow over his spirits. "Coming events cast their shadows before." Still that is all we know about it—it is all guess-work. We know that from some cause they all felt sad and yet they could not tell why, and neither can I tell you.

The two days passed quickly by; and at the appointed time Ned was at the station to meet his father home. But the cars passed by and Mr. Allston was not aboard. Ned went home disappointed, and his mother's mind was filled with forebodings. Aleen knocked down and robbed as like as not!" said she, when she saw Ned coming alone in the buggy.

"Oh, no, mother; he has not got through with his business in time to come and had no time to write."

"He'll be at home to-morrow, never fear," said Abby.

But Mary's face was pale and her eyes had a strange, anxious look in them. She seemed to know by some intuition that something was wrong, and, although she tried to hope, she could not, and the night that followed was spent in sleepless anxiety.

The next day, long before train-time she went to Hopeville herself to meet her husband. She looked pale and wan, and her frame trembled under its weight of anxiety.

Abby tried to cheer her with hope before she started, but hope soon fled before the storm of anxiety when she was alone on the road to the station.

It was only a short distance, and the time dragged so slowly along that she concluded to stop awhile at Rachel Brown's.

"Oh thee's always frightened whenever Conrad's out of thy sight; nobody want's to kill him, little simpleton!" said Rachel in her rattling way.

"I know I am often uneasy when there is no call for uneasiness, but I cannot help it. He had so much money with him and there are so many rogues in the city, you know."

"Yes, yes, indeed; but thee'll see him safe and sound when the train comes; so cheer up! don't let him see thee with such a face as that!" and Rachel's laugh rang musically in Mary's ears.

At last she started to go the station, and as a result of Rachel's cheery talk, Mrs. Allston's spirits arose, and when the train came thundering up to the platform her heart beat high with expectation.

The cars stopped—one old woman was helped off; the conductor waved his hand to the engineer and the train moved off again!

It was very soon over, but sudden as it was the blood seemed to leave Mrs. Allston's face; her heart stopped still a moment, and with a groan she sank into a seat on the platform!

She was stronger than she might have been, for she did not faint. But in those few moments of almost suspended animation, she beheld a vision of her husband lying stark and white with staring, sightless eyes, hidden away in some old and unfrequented building, to decay unfound, or to be found, perhaps, after it was too late to recognize him; or, even if he were found and recognized, to be sent home to her with the dead life cut out at the hand of an assassin, and the vision sent a thrill of horror through her frame.

"Let's go to the post-office," said Rachel in a hoarse whisper, and the two women with white, anxious faces, hurried thither.

"There is a paper, but no letter, Mrs. Allston," said the postmaster kindly.

Mary turned her face imploringly to Rachel and endeavored to speak, but Rachel only heard the word "Telegraph!" in a husky voice.

In a moment they were at the telegraph office, and grasping a pencil Mary wrote:

MESSRS. WHITE & HALL

My husband left here on Monday to buy some goods for me. He was to have been back yesterday, but I have not heard from him since he left Hopeville.

MARY ALLSTON.

In answer:

MRS. MARY ALLSTON

We have not seen MR. ALLSTON; but will inquire if he has been in town. Call at our store to-morrow.

WHITE & HALL.

The eyes of the two women did not meet. Each was afraid to look at the other. But they walked together in silence to Rachel's home where Paul was made acquainted with the state of things.

"I shall go to the city immediately and make a search for him. There can be no doubt he is murdered. Be as strong as thee can, Mary, and may God bear thee up under this trial," said Paul, and Mary's intense feelings gave way and she wept. In half an hour more Paul was on his way to the city.

It was a short but gloomy drive to the Nest. Mary was too full of grief to speak, and every heart-beat of Rachel's was in sympathy with Mary.

When they arrived they found a messenger from Mr. Carson. He had brought a letter to Mrs. Allston. It was no doubt concerning some business of Mr. Allston's, and she did not feel like opening it under them. But on second thought she decided to a read it. Maybe it was something important.

She opened it and read a little distance down the page, then with a piercing cry of anguish she fell heavily to the floor.

Mary Allston never spoke again! She was carried to a bed, and Ned was hurried off after a doctor. They tried every effort to bring the life back, but she lay there white as the pillows on which she rested, barely breathing.

The doctor came. He asked a few questions, examined closely, then asked to see the letter that had affected her so terribly.

Rachel who had picked it up from the floor to preserve it, gave it to him and he read:

MRS ALLISTON

I found this letter in Amelia's room to-day. It is dated about six weeks ago, and explains itself.

O. CARSON.

This was written on a small bit of paper, and pinned to a leaf from a pocket blank-book on which was written:

DEAR MRS. BOSTWICK:

I have a proposition to make to you. I have found to my dismay that I love you. And knowing this my family has grown to be a curse to my life. I cannot go home without feeling guilty. Thus far I am guilty of a great crime. I have no peace. I have grown restless and have just quarreled with your father. This is the reason: now for the proposition. Let us mortgage everything we have and take the money and fly from this Purgatory forever. If you can make the sacrifice, come by my wife and have the love and devotion forever of your faithful servant. CONRAD ALLSTON.

P. S.—Burn this immediately and God help you to help me!

C. A.

The doctor read the letter through; then folding it he handed it back to Rachel, and said:

"She has had a powerful shock. She will probably not survive this, though she may last some days."

He prepared some medicine and was gone.

The fatal letter was the one which Mr. Allston had written on the morning after his first encounter with Carson and which was referred to in the last chapter. Amelia had forgotten to destroy it and thus it told the dark story. The two had gone off together!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FURY OF THE STORM.

Mary Allston lay dying, and on another couch was Abby, almost as ill as her mother. Abby had been ailing for some weeks, and the parents had expressed fears that the family disease—consumption—had laid its iron hand upon her, but nothing serious had been marked until the reading of the fatal letter had overtaken her.

Every breath seemed to be the last for poor Mary Allston. The friends stood around the bed watching for the spirit to go out.

Ned and Aleen sat near the room or stood now at one bedside, now at the other; their faces wan and white and their great sad eyes looking wonderingly upon the gloomy spectacle.

A man rode up to the door, dismounted, and hitched his horse to a post. He knocked at the door and was admitted by Rachel, who recognized him as an old friend of the family.

"Is Mrs. Allston still alive?" he inquired.

"Only just alive. She is going very fast," replied Rachel.

"Then she is too far gone to hear a bit of news," said the gentleman.

"She has had no very good *news*?" almost panted the Quakeress.

"No good news; bad, bad!"

"Then why did thee come here? Did thee intend to finish the woman, if she had not already had enough to kill her?"

"No, no! but I thought it might be some satisfaction to know what I have learned. Of course it can do no good—she has had bad enough to kill her. But Allston has been divorced from her almost a month. He went to Clay county and applied for a divorce and obtained it without his wife's suspecting anything!"

"Is it possible?"

"It is, indeed; I have seen the record."

"Good Lord, what is the world coming to! I remember what Mary said to me only such a short time ago. In talking about Amelia's misfortunes she said, 'I cannot help thinking that Amelia's trouble is myself. I know *I* have no need to fear, for Conrad loves me too well; but suppose something *should* happen: you know there is so much machinery in the Mary Jane Mary, could she have had a presentiment of this?" and Rachel sank into a chair and sobbed.

In the evening Mary died. There seemed to be no darkness, and the life form ceased to breathe. She had actually fallen dead at the time she read the letter, but the wreck continued to breathe for as a heart will often continue to beat after it is torn from the mutilated body in some of the numerous accidents that occur in our machine shops and mills. But she died and they buried her in the Quaker burying-ground at Hopeville. She slept beside her mother, and who will doubt that the turbulent spirit was calmed in the arms of the spirit mother in that other world?

The excitement all over the country was intense. No one had thought of Conrad Allston turning out to be a rascal. There were few men who stood in their heads and declared that they had seen this from the beginning, but I do not count this class as anything. I say everybody was surprised and pained that such a great and good man should betray his family and friends. There were few men in the country but had some pecuniary claim against Mr. Allston. They all sympathized with the stricken family, but all wanted their money. It was too bad to let the family suffer, indeed it was; but to those who had to afford to lose their money, of course not. It wasn't expected. No, indeed, it wasn't expected.

So, on the petition of his creditors, Conrad Allston was declared a bankrupt, and every foot of his estate and every bit of his property of every kind that could be found and supposed to belong to him was taken in charge by the U. S. Marshal, to be sold to satisfy the demands of the creditors. And in every paper within reach was a long report headed in glaring display type: "Unmitigated villainy. Unparalleled fraud. Unparalleled hog!" "The science of swindling!" "Another thief in the guise of an honest man!" "A history of the 'Hon.' Conrad Allston, giving full particulars of his gigantic swindle perpetrated by him!" etc., etc.

Oh, what a terrible wreck! I hasten to leave it.

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER THE STORM.

Thank God for the Quakers! I would there were more of them in spirit if not in name.

The Allston children were left helpless, orphans, and penniless. They were dependent upon charity. Would charity send them to the poorhouse? We will see.

A committee of five had been appointed at the last monthly meeting of Friends at Hopeville, to take charge of the orphans and procure christian homes for them, and pursuant to the appointment they had met at the house of Elijah Wilkins, one of the members of the committee.

Rachel Brown had insisted upon her right to take charge of them all, but she and Paul were poor and the Friends protested strongly, and Rachel submitted.

As is the custom among Friends, after they met each sat communing with his or her own mind, asking God to guide them in their deliberations.

After a few moments Elijah Wilkins arose and in a characteristic Quaker manner opened the meeting.

"It is a solemn case that brings us together to-day. A train of circumstances terrible and revolting to the christian mind has thrown upon us the care of three children; and I hope that our conference may be guided by the spirit of God, and that through his infinite mercy the very best may be done for these sufferers that can be done," and he sat down.

Then Rachel Brown arose after due preparation.

"We are taught in the Bible that good wishes for another's welfare availeth nothing when he is in need. We must act. If the committee is willing I must have the care of one."

"Rachel, thee seems ever willing to do thy duty," said Elijah Wilkins, "and I am prone to follow thy example. Although my family is large already, I should be pleased to have one of the children. We must deal gently with the Lord's lambs."

Jesse Meeker, an old man, sat near the window. He had been a wild boy in his youth, but was taken by a Quaker and brought up in the knowledge and fear of God. Tears gathered in old Jesse's eyes as he thought of the olden time, and with quivering lip he arose and said:

"I want the boy!" and sat down weeping. It was an affecting scene that followed, for all in the house had often heard him tell his story, and they knew he was thinking of his long ago boyhood.

Presently Friend Wilkins arose again.

"I know thee feels like taking the boy, Jesse to pay back the debt thee owes to God for thy salvation; but that debt is already paid. Jesse, I am younger than thee and better blessed with worldly goods. I think thee had better let me take the boy."

"But I want him, Elijah," said Jesse, and Elijah answered:

"Then thee shall have him!" And taking a paper from his pocket he read:

HOPEVILLE, 7th MO. 20th.

If the Friends of the committee will please to me with one of the children I will be glad to do all I can for it and raise it up to loved God and do his holy will. DEBORAH JONES.

"There is Deborah," said Elijah. "I had forgot her—only married last Fourth-day two weeks, and just set up housekeeping. Hadn't we better assign Lily to her?"

"Right, Elijah, just right. I can keep Abigail. I have had more experience than Deborah, and the poor child seems to be getting lower every day; her cough is distressing;" and Rachel was weeping softly.

Can the reader imagine what a trial it was to her to resign Lily to the care and love of another? But she thought it was duty, and is one not apt to believe that God saw it? She may have been mistaken, but I cannot think that she will go unrewarded.

"Does this arrangement please the committee?" asked Elijah. And all answered "it does."

"Then Jesse will take Edward and be a father to him." The old man looked happy.

"Rachel will take motherly care of Abigail as long as the good Father sees fit for her to live; and Deborah Jones will take charge of little Lily," said Elijah, and sat down.

Rachel Brown arose with a roll of paper in her hand and proceeded to read without explanation, pausing now and then to wipe she tears away:

Mary Allston, the mother of these children, was born in Hopeville, year 1820, Third month and 4th day. Her parents were members of the Society of Friends at this place, and Mary was reared under christian influence. At an early age, and before she understood the sacredness of the marriage relation, she was married to a well-meaning young man, but not a christian, and the ceremony was pronounced by a Justice of the Peace. Of course this improper union was distasteful to the society and by the laws of the State, deprived her of her birthright and she was no longer a member of the Society of Friends.

She had lived happily with her husband about eighteen years, when he was betrayed by a fiendish woman, he procured a divorce from his unsuspecting wife, according to the uncertain laws of the State, and the two criminals left for parts unknown. Poor Mary's heart was broken and she is laid away among the dead, one of the hundreds of victims of the accursed divorce laws.

May God make this a memorial to the people and to the law-makers that the terrible evil may be speedily wasted!

And so we leave them. Their story is a sad one, but we could not make it any less so. I give you my word I have seen it all and a great deal more besides. The evil is indeed a terrible one, and it all rests upon the people. I am glad that steps have been taken in the right direction. Speed the day when divorce law will be a thing of the past.

Gideon Carson is a rich man. Amelia returned in six months and she had plenty of money.

The Nest was bought at the Marshal's sale for a song, and Cedar Cliff was redeemed from old Jason Silvers' mortgage, and still there seems to be plenty of money left. Amelia is doing a heavy business and the Carsons have their fine carriage and plenty of friends. Mr. Carson will be a candidate for the Legislature this fall and will probably be elected.

Allston has never been heard from and the last I heard Carson say concerning him was:

"The black-hearted villain! He came nigh ruin'n me!"

THE END.

A FIGHT AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

A YARN FROM CEYLON.

"I've seen a good many single combats in my time," says Colonel C——, sipping his sangaree with an air of unmistakable enjoyment. "I've looked on at fights of two men, two tigers, two elephants, two snakes, and (the most picturesque of all to my mind) two eagles; but the queerest fight I ever saw was one that I came in for when I was quite a youngster."

"Was that when you were in Ceylon?" ask I, knowing by experience that the worthy colonel always begins with—"When I was quartered in Ceylon."

"Just so, my boy; and as you seem to be fond of queer stories, I'll tell you how it began at the beginning, and tell you all about it.

"When I first went out, I brought a letter of introduction to a man of the name of T——, a queer old fellow, who had been out there half his life, and knew the whole place by heart. What exact part he held, or whether he held any post at all, I never found out; but, at all events, he was quite cock of the walk in his own district, and had a hand in everything that was done for miles round. As to the natives, he seemed to know all their tricks inside and out; and they all stood in wonderful awe of him, looking upon him as a great conjurer.

"I'll just give you one specimen of the way in which he dealt with them. While I was staying with him, a messenger came from a neighbor of his, who lived a few miles off, that some things had been stolen the night before, and that, although it was as clear as daylight that it must have been done with the connivance of somebody in the house, yet there was not an atom of proof against the servants, all of whom stoutly protested their innocence; and he would be greatly obliged to Mr. T—— to come over and look into the matter.

"Well, no sooner said than done. T—— and I rode over there to breakfast, and after breakfast all the servants were mustered in a row, and there sat old T—— in a great cane-chair, looking through them (regad! I think I can see him now) with an eye just like a gimlet. Then he made them a tip-top speech in their own lingo, telling them that Brahma had appeared to him in a dream, and told him who the thief was; and that, to make his guilt plain to them all, he was going to give a straw to each of them, and the culprit, do what he might, was sure to get the longest.

"The darkeys looked awfull. frightened, and drew their straws just as though they were casting lots to be hanged. When they had all done, T—— took the straws back one by one; and as the fifth man delivered his, T—— caught him by the shoulder, and shouted 'You're the thief!'

"Down went the fellow in the dust, and with the most dismal shrieks for mercy, confessed he was the thief, and was marched off there and then. When he was gone, I asked T—— how on earth he managed it.

"'Easy enough,' says he; 'the straws were all the same length originally, and the fellow, to make sure of not getting the longest had *bitten a piece off his*—and by that I knew him!' (A similar stratagem was employed with equal success, not many years ago, by an officer of one of the native regiments.)

"Well, this fellow T——, such as I've described him, was just the man to put me up to all the ins and outs of getting the longest had *bitten a piece off his*—and by that I knew him!' (A similar stratagem was employed with equal success, not many years ago, by an officer of one of the native regiments.)

"Well, this fellow T——, such as I've described him, was just the man to put me up to all the ins and outs of getting the longest I

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED A.D. 1877

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
With Premiums.
For $2.50, the Post one year and Mounted Chromo, "De Soto and the Discovery of the Mississippi."
For $2.95, the Post one year and Unmounted Chromo.
For $1.50, the Post 6 months and Mounted Chromo.
For $1.25, the Post six months and Unmounted Chromo.

Without Premiums.
For $2.00, the Post for One Year.
For $1.00, the Post Six Months.

CLUB RATES.
Four Copies, one year, $7.00.
Six Copies, one year, $10.00.
Ten Copies, one year, $15.00.
Twenty Copies, one year, $28.00.

An extra copy free to any one getting up a club of ten or more.

Subscriptions can begin or additions be made to clubs at any time.

In all the above cases, postage will be paid by the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
Payable in Advance.

Fifty cents per line of space, Agate measurement, for each insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES, 75 cents per line.
READING NOTICES, $1.00 per line.
Address all orders and make all drafts payable to
HENNETT & FITCH,
726 SANSOM STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Saturday Evening, March 24, 1877.

THE SYMBOL $.

$ is a powerful symbol. It represents the strength of nations, the crookedness of men, and one of the chief working forces of civilization. It is a divinity which shapes the ends of millions; disputing possession of the world with Him who made and owns it. The magician of old possessed no spell so cunning or so potent with which to work wonders on the imaginations of men or the realities of life.

$ builds and feeds our cities; stands behind all thrones; builds temples; and claims the highest seats therein; fires the imagination of youth; is the solace and the torment of age; runs like a life current through every artery and vein of communities.

Once an ignoble slave, $ comes to be the tyrannic master. Few dare brave its power, none can escape its influence. Those who will not bow down, must accept the penalties it can command, and they are many and grievous.

Men need not sigh for other times in which were opportunities for heroism. No year of life will pass in which one will not meet $ as an enemy come to assault his integrity, his self respect, love of nobility the vital principals of his manhood. Conquering this, he achieves crowning victory; for $ symbolizes selfishness.

Woe to the man who makes $ his chief ally and then his master. He may find it a covert in many a storm, safety in great perils, solace for weary hours, pleasure for long years, a rod of kingly power, may come to give it his full trust; but when the supreme trial comes; when all the earth is passing, when dreams are done, and the mist must go with what he has gathered for the future, stored up in his own nature, he will find that $ has no soul to twine with his own in loving eternal embrace, to enrich him in the land where souls live, but, that having clad his corpse in gorgeous habiliments, it will turn coldly to his survivors for new followers and victims.

CHARITY BY MACHINERY.

St. John's Guild, in New York City, has for several years been one of the leading charitable associations of the metropolis. It was popularized by the favor shown to it by the newspaper press, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were committed to its care for the relief of the destitute. Without doubt immense good has been accomplished by its ministrations, and thousands have been helped, who otherwise might have perished from want.

Recently unfavorable reports of mismanagement have led to an investigation of its affairs by a committee of citizens, which is now in progress, and it is sincerely to be hoped that their report will be satisfactory as to the integrity of its administration.

However this may be, it is a fact that much is lost in what may fairly be termed the administration of charity by machinery.

A large bakery will turn out immense supplies, but we have not yet found one which gave to the bread the flavor or satisfying quality of the old fashioned home made loaf. It is less trouble to the housekeeper to draw supplies from this source, but home comforts are not thereby increased. So in the administration of charities by large organizations. The poor may be relieved, but the spirit and flavor of charity are largely diminished. There is a heart-warming influence in the personal attention to and relief of the sufferings of the poor, that one can not experience by signing a subscription paper, or dropping a dollar into the poor box. There is a responsive gratitude, a softening sentiment springing up in the heart of the suffering, toward him who comes with needed supplies, which is not felt when receiving them from an office, dealt out in a business like manner by the employe, whose duty it is to attend to details.

In all machinery, too, there is much friction, and consequent loss of power. A very good living is secured by many professional almoners, who, for a consideration, cheerfully relieve benevolent people of the trouble of personally distributing their bounty. They are not to be blamed for this. If people will turn the work of charity into a business-like operation, it is proper to engage in it and gain a livelihood from it as a business, but the sweet uses of charity in cultivating the better sentiments, in increasing human sympathy and brotherhood, are mostly lost in the operation.

While such organizations may seem needful to reach the masses of poverty which appear to be inseparable from large cities, we still believe there is a better method in an organized combination of personal almsgivers, which shall be equally effective, and every way more satisfactory. Whoever delegates this work deprives himself of a benefit, and in some measure deprives his gift of the full measure of its usefulness.

HINTS TO SCIENTISTS.

If Darwin had not run his evolution theory backward, it would have met with far less opposition. Turned the other way, it exactly fits in with the teachings of the most eminent theologians, who have been the most violent in their attacks on the scientist. Their constant exhortations are that men shall be preparing to enter upon a higher sphere, when, with their present powers developed, and others, perhaps, added, they shall take rank with celestial beings; that ages hence shall find them still progressing; that there is always room for further improvement, that new heights will always be disclosed to the aspiring, and this fact is man's highest glory.

Popular belief and hopes all run in the same direction. Ambitious fire is at least latent in every soul, and the blessed hereafter is the inspiration of life.

One would suppose that with such a glorious prospect in view, the glad soul, overflowing with joy, would not hesitate to allow the whole creation to join in the upward march. That it would exult in the thought that motes of dust may become mites of plants; that wriggling worms may painfully work their way up to the possession of legs; that there is a future for well-behaved dogs and obedient horses, and that exemplary apes may hope in time to be clothed, attain to a right mind, aspire to office and otherwise follow the footsteps of the higher classes.

But, sad to relate, man has not yet progressed beyond selfish pride. The same feeling which prompts the prosperous and pompous snob of to-day to conceal or deny the poverty and low estate of his grandfather, arrays itself against any theory which conducts him backward to humble beginnings in the scale of creation. Not content with climbing himself, he aspires to stand highest by keeping others down.

A true pride would rejoice, that, despite humble origin, one had been able to rise above his surroundings. It should be a matter of gratulation, that, in each successive stage of his being, one had so departed himself, that his place became too small for him, and he advanced with honor to the next higher class, gloriously achieving the race from protoplasm to philosopher, and so demonstrating his power to rise to future distinctions.

If scientists would study human nature a little more closely, they might escape many persecutions. Let them learn from the illustrations given above, to present their discoveries in such a light as to harmonize with pride and vanity, and those who now scoff will be glad to glorify.

THE NEW COTTON PLANT.

An item is going the rounds of the press to the effect that a remarkable discovery has been made in Egypt by Signor Giacomo Rossi, American consular agent at Alexandria. It is stated that he has found a new cotton plant so wonderfully prolific that it may prove a dangerous enemy to the American cotton raising interests. The plant is described as having a long stem and being without branches, so that it can be cultivated more closely together, saving much space. It is said to yield on an average fifty pods to each bush, while the yield on ordinary kinds is about thirty.

There are two or three reasons why this account should be received with much caution. First, the inconsistency with which it is alleged that the discovery will impede American cotton raising. It has long been demonstrated that the cotton plant thrives better in the districts appropiated to it in this country than in any other part of the world. It was owing to this mainly that its culture here gave the chief supplies to the world, and that our cotton came to hold so high a position among American products, being named "King" from the immense interests which clustered around it.

Now, if the wonderful discovery be genuine, what is to prevent the introduction of the improved variety into our own sea-islands and the lower Mississippi valley, and realizing all the benefits that any other people could have from its culture? We fail to see how American interests can be jeopardized, should the new plant possess threefold the excellence attributed to it, especially as the item we refer to states that a great drawback to its successful culture in Egypt exists in the scarcity of the water which it requires.

It looks indeed very much like the first steps toward a speculation in the seed of this wonderful variety. Many readers will remember the wonderful stories related about Honey Blade grass, not very many years since; also the surprising qualities said to be possessed by Doniah corn; Norway oats, and other astonishing products. It would not be surprising, if, within a short time, flaming advertisements should appear announcing that a very limited quantity of this new prodigy could be had at an unlimited price.

The style of swindling is not new but is very attractive; let our readers at the South be in no haste to mortgage their plantations to procure the first offerings of this or any other highly heralded new plant. If it be indeed what is represented, a very little in the hands of a few who are able to try the experiment, will be sufficient to demonstrate its value.

GOOD BYE.

BY CATHARINE FILSD.

The hour is late,
The sands are falling,
And—hush! I hear
A low-voiced calling
For me to go,
And I must die,
O love! good bye.

We have so lived
Our lives together,
Together loved
In wind and weather!

We'll never weep
Heart upon heart again;
Between us comes the shade
That severs souls and men.
We'll no more stare
Each other's pain and mirth,
For like a cloud
I drift above the earth.
'Tis hard to die
From all! Good bye.

Your tender heart
To mine is yearning,
And tears fall not,
In anguish burning
Through your long, quivering sigh,
Since I must die.

You watch me,
With a clear-eyed yearning,
Into the spirit land,
Whence no returning.
Oh! could you go with me
Through all its gloom,
I would not dread
The phantom-peopled tomb.
Alone I die.
Good bye! Good bye!

"LITTLE DUTCH CHARLIE," THE EXPRESS ROBBER.

A TALE OF ST. LOUIS.

BY DR. WM. E. FAHY.

CHAPTER I.

"I'LL GIVE 'EM AWAY IF YE'LL LET ME GO."

There was a short period between the years '56 and '58, when the great city of St. Louis was cursed with a fearful epidemic of crime. It seemed to the worthy inhabitants that all of the vilest criminals, not only from the purlieus of other cities, but from the backwoods of Indiana and Illinois, had concentrated in force and held high carnival of crime undetected and unmolested in their midst. In vain did the shrewd and intelligent detectives Horrigan, Smith and Eagan, rack their brains and spend nights of sleepless vigilance to find the trail of the daring experts in crime. In vain did the express companies spend thousands of dollars employing the Pinkertons, the Whipples, and the Ferrets, of private detectives; the raids on their offices and messengers still went on. In vain did that bluff, fearless, sternly honest Irishman Larry Horrigan, chief of the St. Louis detective corps "pull" numbers of the "flash cores" of Chicago, New York, and Boston. To his utter annoyance and disgust they invariably paid their fines and thus eluded an incarceration of six months in the "workhouse." Everything was done that could be done, the good citizens and the non-plussed detectives were at their wits' ends. Fred Beibush and his gang of counterfeiters laughed heartily as they drank their costly wines and purchased $1500 shawls for their wives. The Johnstons, the Renous, and the other chiefs of the "express lay," bought fine lots, erected costly mansions, squandered money with a lavish hand, and walked the city with as erect a head and virtuous front as any worthy well-conditioned burgher of the great city of the West.

But alas for view—alas for the misguided wretch who for a brief space revels in its alluring but treacherous paths, the history of six thousand years proves that its triumph is short and its punishment fearful and ignominious. Thus far for my premable; now for my story.

Towards the close of the year 1858 our office was visited by the head of a leading jewelry establishment in the city of C——. It appeared from his story to Ferrett and myself, that a year previously they had been robbed in a very mysterious manner of diamonds and watches valued at about twelve thousand dollars. They were taken from the large safe, inadvertently left open for a few minutes, and who the culprit was they had not at the time the remotest suspicion. For reasons known only to themselves the robbery was never made public, but within a day or two there were in receipt of information which led them to suppose that a former clerk in their establishment was the robber, and that the valuables were concealed somewhere in the watercourse, but as yet could not determine. After a brief consultation our services were employed, and in a few hours I was whirling along in the "Lightning Express" at the rate of forty miles an hour in the direction of the State's prison of Missouri located at Jefferson City.

I entered the gloomy portals of that institution for the suppression of crime, at nine o'clock at night, and calling on the worthy and gentlemanly warden, Mr. Swift, I requested a private audience with Frank Sellinger, one of the convicts. My request was immediately granted, and in a few moments Mr. Crump, the deputy warden, brought into the parlor of the prison, where Mr. and Mr. Swift were seated, the convict in question.

My business was soon completed. I was authorized by my employer, the jeweller above named, to get from this young man information concerning the whereabouts of the stolen property under the promise of a pardon—confidentially—for doing so. His mistress had called on the jewellers and notified them that Frank (who had been once a confidential clerk, but discharged for irregularities) in confidence might tell them where their diamonds and watches were, provided they succeeded in getting from the Governor of the State of Missouri a pardon for same crime committed by Sellinger in that State.

Now I am no apologist for these "conditional pardons." Individually I am opposed to them, as they rarely have the effect of turning a thief into an honest citizen. In a business point of view I looked upon it in a different light, and was always perfectly willing that a criminal when I am sure there would be a good result. In this case, I am happy to state, my efforts were not without avail in inducing the Governor to pardon this young man, provided he would inform his employer, or myself, their agent, where the stolen jewelry was concealed.

The information was received—the pardon was granted—a young man restored back to the path of rectitude; and a worthy firm saved from going into bankruptcy.

As I was about to leave the office early the next morning in company with Frank (Gov. Steward issued his pardon that night on recommendation of warden Swift) whom I was taking back to C——, Paddy Crump, the deputy warden, asked me if I would not like to take a view of the cell building. I notified my assent, and together we entered that dismal house where crime-laden spirits toss and moan in agony through awful nights of horror and despair in their little six stone cells.

"You have read Monte Christo no doubt?" Mr. Crump queried, as we paced along the dark stone slabs of the lower corridor, taking a cursory view of the interior of each cell as we passed along.

"Yes," I replied, "I have read it and the Chateau de if could scarcely have been more horrible to its wretched victims than these gloomy dungeons are to the victims of crime."

"One, I reckon," said Crump, "is as bad as the other. All prisons are Chateau de Ifs to their wretched inmates, but my main reasons for asking you if you had read that strange story of Dumas' was this: a few cells from here I can show you the remains of one of the most remarkable escapes I ever saw, heard or read of, and I have been a prison-keeper for twenty years; here is the cell now—look in and see," said Crump, as he paused before one of the massive grated iron doors, and swinging it open on the well-oiled hinges, disclosed the interior of the dark and dismal little chamber it guarded.

I entered, followed by Crump. The cell was perfectly empty, the whitewashed walls dark with a clammy moisture, and in the far corner—under where once the prisoner's iron bedstead had been—was a small hole about a foot and a half square, made by the displacement of one of the stone flags of the floor.

"That hole," remarked Crump, "leads to a larger cavity under the cell building. Through it night after night, for many a weary month, a former occupant squeezed himself until he got into the lower cavity, and here, while he made the base of his extraordinary labors to escape. You will notice there are four strong walls, the least of them three feet in thickness between where we are now standing and the trench on the outside of the prison, the distance to be undermined between each wall at least ten feet, making forty feet in all, twelve feet of which is solid, hard cemented masonry; yet a weak little stripling of a youth not more than five feet high, with arms like pipe-stems, managed by dint of crafty skill and unremitting vigilance to accomplish all these seeming unsurmountable difficulties and make his escape to liberty. Such is the effect of indomitable will and perseverance, even though imprisoned in a weak and puny body."

"He escaped then," I said; "truly his labors were herculean, and convict though he was, I cannot help admiring his perseverings labors and their result. Who was he, and what his name?"

"A sneak thief, his name, Charley Meyers, we called him here 'Little Dutch Charley.' He was under sentence for seven years.

"How long was he engaged in digging out?"

"His labors must have occupied the spare hours of the night for a year."

"How was it he was not discovered? Of course, as usual in all institutions of this kind your keepers visited his cell every morning?"

"Every morning, and sometimes two and three times a week; but beneath these flagstones lie the foundation of the cell building, a huge cellar extending all the length. Each cell has a foundation wall of a space about four feet high and of the same dimensions in width and length as the cell we now stand in. The rains of the last winter in many places have mouldered away, so that there is an underground connection with nearly every cell on the ground floor. Charley found this out by some means and worked his plans accordingly. He neatly removed one of the flagstones at night dropped down into the hollow space beneath the cell, and with tools which he secretly and ingeniously at the blacksmith-shop and succeeded in smuggling into his cell, went to work at his mine, and as you see, succeeded. Early in the morning he would emerge out of his underground hole, replace the flag, sweep his cell cleanly; in fact, not leave a single thing that would give the least cause of suspicion to the 'old examiner.'"

"What did he do with the earth and the stones removed from the foundation?"

"I piled it all away—stones, earth and brick—under the other cells, breaking through the walls of five of the underground cellars on each side of his own to do so."

"Wonderful determination!" I exclaimed. "Did you succeed in recapturing him?"

"No; he escaped two months ago, and we have not heard aught of him since. Come, we will go to the 'Photo' room and I will show you his picture?"

We left the cell building and entered the outer office of the prison, from a receptacle near the huge barred window. Crump took a case filled with photographs of the most notorious and desperate characters, whom an outraged law had confined in those gloomy granite walls. He selected one from the case and handed it to me for inspection. A shrewd, weasened face, a sickly cunning smile overspreading the taut drawn skin, eyes as keen and glittering as a weasel's, and a forehead low, narrow and retreating, half concealed by a mass of tangled hair, black, crisp and wiry. This was what I saw peeping out from the dark shadow of the photograph.

"Think you'd know him again, Mr. Bartmoon?" laughed Crump.

"Know him?—I'd pick him out of a crowd of ten thousand," I replied.

"Well, if he ever strolls your way, nab him and send him along, for he's rather a dangerous customer to be at liberty," said Crump.

I made no reply. The capturing of escaped convicts for a reward was not my forte, so I bade adieu to the worthy officers of the penitentiary, and with Frank Sellinger my prisoner, until he complied with the provisions of the pardon, made my way to the depot, took the down express, and in a few hours was in St. Louis. As I was not permitted to take my prisoner out of the State, I left him in charge of the city jailer and telegraphed to C—— the information he gave me. A reward was forthcoming. "Property found all right that evening." So I released Frank, handed him his pardon, which I am happy to inform the reader, he made a good use of, for he reformed thoroughly, went to work steadfastly, married judiciously, lived economically, and is today, under an assumed name, (his mother's) the worthy and efficient Mayor of a thriving Western town.

"But what has all this to do with little Dutch Charley?" very naively inquires the patient reader.

Much, my good friend, as you will presently see, for if it had not been for this trip of mine a human life might have been hurled out of existence by the ruthless hand of a vile murderer, and an Express Company would have lost, probably past all recovery, the large sum of $30,000. "Man proposes, God disposes."

As the train for C—— would not leave before 6.30 p. m., I availed myself of the opportunity to visit my friend in the city, and stroll around generally, sight seeing.

While passing the entrance to the beautiful St. Nicholas Hotel, on Fourth street, I was accosted by a quartette of gentlemen standing in the vestibule.

"Hello, Bart. Come here, man, and give us a shake!" from one.

"Glad to see you, Bartmoon," from another.

"Tip us yer fistt ould boy, It's an age since I saw ye," this from Larry Horrigan, chief of the St. Louis Detective Corps, a hale, hearty, handsome, genial Irishman, of about forty years of age, twenty of which had been spent in guarding the city from its midnight prowlers, desperate burglars, and notorious characters generally. In truth he was, and is yet, the "Vidoc" of the West, and a wholesome terror to every thief and desperado in the city.

"How do, Bart," said the fourth, John Egan, another shrewd detective.

I shook hands with the four worthies, all members of my own profession, and when our salutations were ended, our conversation naturally drifted into the channels our occupations as detectives gave us an interest in.

"I'm entirely out of heart, so I am," said Larry. "The city is going to the divil, and my heart is breakin' wid the thoughts of it. Faith, but I've dwindled away to a skiliton in the last two weeks."

We all looked at the jovial "skilliton" and burst into a hearty laugh. Larry weighed at least two hundred and twenty pounds, and his cheeks were as full and as rosy red as those of a healthy, well-conditioned boy of ten.

"You may laugh, bad cess to yez, but it's the truth I'm tellin', and if I don't succeed in 'pullin' some of these rascally express robbers soon, by the piper that played before Moses, I'll throw up my commission and retire to the ould country to 'pull' throut and pickerel from my own lovely Lake of Killarney."

"Larry is out of humor, Bart," said Eagan. "That last $30,000 express robbery on Third street has upset not only our chief, but every one of the corps."

"A heavy 'pull' that, sure," I said. "Any clue?"

"Nary clue," said Smith.

"Divil a clue," groaned Larry.

"Not a glimmer of light," moaned Eagan.

"Not a cove to a shadow," grunted Bulger, formerly Bow Street runner.

"Shrewd Chevaliers de Industrie Monsieur Bartmoon," said Duhamel, a keen-eyed ex-French Detective, as he complacently filliped a pinch of snuff up his nose. By-the-by, St. Louis being a city whose inhabitants are composed of many nationalities, her police and detective corps, as a matter of necessity, is picked from the best classes of each; all sturdy, honest, truthful men; none others could stay in her employ an hour after being found wanting in these qualifications.

I laughed at the gruesome countenances of my four worthy friends. We chatted and laughed for some time. I was looking at the various passers-by with a half abstracted air usual with persons who are talking and looking around them at the same period. But in an instant I ceased to notice the remarks of my companions. My vacant gaze gave place to one of the most intense scrutiny. Without a word of explanation to my companions I left them abruptly, crossed the street at a rapid pace and placing my hand on the shoulder of an unsavory specimen of humanity who was hurriedly passing along the sidewalk, exclaimed:—

"I want you my man!"

Evidently it was not the first time he had been addressed with the detective's stereotyped phraseology, for he squirmed like an eel in my grasp, whining in a weakly voice:

"Ich vor shay du nix, vos you vant mit me?"

"Come, come, my little man, that won't do. I know you. Come along."

And taking him by the arm I led him over to the group of detectives on the steps of the St. Nicholas.

"Who's your man, Bart?" said Larry. "What did you pull him for?"

"Little Dutch Charley," I replied. "His name is Charley Meyer or Little Dutch Charlie, as they call him at the Penitentiary. I don't want him boys, it's out of my line. Here he is, do with him what you will, for I took him in' merely out of a sudden whim."

Detectives rarely ever trouble their heads about escaped convicts, unless indeed, they have special orders to do so, or in cases where the fugitive is some desperate character, for whom a large reward is offered.

Dutch Charley was one of the lesser lights among the thieving fraternity, and the reward offered by the State for his apprehension so small that little or no effort beyond Cole county, where the Penitentiary was located, was made for his capture.

"Well, Charley," said Larry, gazing at the forlorn little wretch with one of his jovial smiles, "I reckon we must take you down, my man."

"Oh, don't yer now, Mr. Horrigan, don't yer," whined the trembling little wretch, for albeit of Dutch parentage, was born in St. Louis and spoke English as fluently as any "gamin" in the city. "Don't yer now, take me down to the 'hoose,' (calaboose.) I had too much trouble to git out of 'quay' to go back again, and Mr. Horrigan, if yer let me slide, I'll tell yer somethin', yes, I'll give 'em away, if yer'll let me go," and the little trembling wretch gazed with a piteous and imploring glance into the eyes of the bluff detective chief.

"Give who away, you imp of darkness?" said Larry.

"Give who away?" said the keen-eyed Eagan, ever on the chance for a pull.

"Ah, Mon Dieu! vat who you way give, eh?" queried the excitable Frenchman Duhamel, transposing his English in departing from his usual sang froid.

"The—the fellers as took the big trick on Third street the other day," said Charlie.

"Mother of Moses!" said Larry, looking at Eagan.

"Tare an ouns!" said Eagan looking back at his chief.

"By the hookey," said Bulger.

"Par St. Denis!" from Duhamel.

I said nothing, but surmised from the joyful shouts of my brother detectives that they were on the eve of a "grand catch."

"Look ye here youngster," said Larry, gripping the shoulders of little Dutch Charley tightly, "don't you fool me; you can't fool me; now, who are they, and where's the swag?"

"I aint a foolin you, and yer can keep a hold on me till I takes you where it is—the swag I mean—but yer must first promise to let me slide."

We all conferred together, and the unanimous decision was to let one guilty rogue escape, if we could capture a number of greater ones and restore to its proper owners the large amount stolen from them.

So with little Dutch Charley in our midst we proceeded towards the levee in the direction of Belcher's sugar refinery.

The St. Louis detectives were at length on the trail of the $30,000 express robbers.

CHAPTER II.

"SHOW ME THE 'SWAG' OR I'LL MURDER YOU."

A walk of fifteen minutes brought us opposite the huge gateway which opened into the yard of Belcher's sugar refinery. The day was excessively warm, and after our brisk walk, I for one was excessively thirsty. On the right of the gateway and fastened to the wall about two feet from the ground, I noticed an iron flount which was filled to overflowing with clear, limpid water. A small pipe coming out from the wall supplied the fountain with an endless stream of the fluid. An iron cup hung by a small chain to the wall, and a sign-board overhead notified the passer-by he might drink as much as he pleased, but was prohibited from carrying more than a bucketfull away at any one time.

"Funny provision that," I said to Larry, as I dipped the ladle into the fountain, and at the same time pointing to the notice.

"Very necessary, friend Bart; drink, and ye'll soon find the raison," said Larry.

I raised the iron dipper to my mouth and took a good swallow.

"Spit, spurt, phaw, goodness-gracious me!" and down fell the dipper back into the trough, while with grimaces that would have done honor to the most comical of all low comedians, I emptied the residue of the water in my mouth into the gutter.

My companions roared with laughter.

"Divil a fear of you takin' any of that water away Bart," laughed John Eagan. A little more laughter, and then I received the history, from Horrigan, of this the most remarkable chalybeate spring in the world; true fountain of health, a God-send, indeed, to the poor of St. Louis.

It appears that Belcher, a millionaire sugar refiner, not satisfied with the muddy waters of the Missouri, determined on having an artesian well sunk in the centre of the refinery. The augers bored day after day, until a depth of five hundred feet was reached—no water. Any other man but Belcher would have given in. Geologists came every day to examine the different strata passed through—iron, coal, lead, granite, even silver and copper. The geologists were delighted, and Belcher mad as a hornet. He wanted water, not geologic specimens of the foundation of St. Louis. Down went the augers one thousand feet. No water. Geologists mad with delight. Belcher would certainly never stop boring until he reached water, or the centre of the earth; and then would be decided the mooted question whether or not the earth's centre was a sea of liquid fire. Down, down went the auger, three hundred feet. Belcher in a fever of excitement, geologists in a fever of ecstacy; he wanted water, they wanted fire, or rather proof positive of its existence. Both were disappointed. As the auger at length reached the depth of two thousand feet, the delicately formed pyrometers of the scientists showed to their astonished gaze the presence of ice, of intense cold, for the mercury in the bulb of the pyrometer was frozen, and the orifice of the auger filled with frozen clay and ice.

The scientists scratched their ears in profound dismay, and Belcher jumped around like a cat on a hot griddle, swearing he'd have water if he bored to the Shamgad river in China. The people of St. Louis looked on and laughed heartily at the scientists fools. "The people" will make a mistake sometimes. "Belcher's folly," as it was now called, had reached the amazing depth of twenty-eight hundred feet, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. Still no water, still no diminution of the zeal of either Belcher or the geologists. Perseverance in this case, as in all others, succeeded, but singular to say, much to the chagrin of the water-mad Belcher and the intense delight of the fire-mad scientists, it came at length—the water—salty, sulphurous, nasty and black; the air for a mile around the foundry was tainted with the noxious smell —"a subterranean lake, its waters resting on a foundation of asphaltum," roared the scientists.

"Durn it," said Belcher.

"Tophet!" yelled "the people," though in language not so polite.

While the scientists demonstrated, and Belcher swore, and "the people" held their nostrils tightly with their fingers, there came a mighty rush and roar up into the air, borne aloft on a mighty column of crude brine, sixty feet in height, went all the scaffolding, buckets, augers and appurtenances used in the "great bore." The sugar refinery was inundated; the whole street down to the banks of the mighty Missouri was one vast sheet of rushing water.

"The people" yelled in dismay.

The scientists fled in terror.

Belcher rushed to the roof of the refinery and swore a mighty curse.

And—in a few minutes the waters subsided, and out of the "great bore" came only a jet of clear and pellucid water.

Chalybeate water of great medicinal value.

And now came in the speculators. An immense sum was paid for the mineral spring and the surrounding property; rumor said one million of dollars, and that Belcher replied: "Gentlemen, if it is worth a million to you it is worth more than a million to the people, the people shall have it for a gift."

This is the legend current among the poor of St. Louis; and I believe it to be the people own the spring, and as the sign-board notifies, speculators cannot profit by it.

This was the story told me by Horrigan regarding the Belcher Chalybeate well. Its main details are strictly true, and if health is preferred to wealth (and we all know it is) Belcher's great gift to the people of St. Louis cannot be estimated in gold.

"Its unpleasant, Bart, when you first drink it, but when you get use to it its the pleasantest and healthiest water in the known world; it has Saratoga and Baden all to smash; shrink, boys, and let us get along with our work."

The "boys" each took a hearty draught, and I following their example conquered my first repugnance and followed suit. It tasted better on acquaintance. I've drank it many times since with pleasure and profit to my health.

The street we were passing through was inhabited by a mixture of nationalities; all poor, some miserably so. It bore a bad reputation, and many a notorious and detective had mysteriously disappeared within its precincts; they could be traced no further.

"Look to your arms, boys; keep your eyes open, and see we are not led into a thrap. A divilish bad hole this for honest men, police and detectives," said Larry.

"They 'croaked' Mulligan, the first cop," here last month," whezzed Dutch Charley.

"Aye, they murdered poor Mulligan, an efficient night patrol, in that dark alley we have just passed, one night last month the saints, I have the murderin' villains safe and sound, waiting their trial," replied Larry, who, after griping Charley by the arm and shaking him vehemently, continued, "and you, you wily little scamp, don't undertake to deceive me; for by the power of Moll Kelley's ghost, if you dare to mislead or entrap us, your head the lave in the dirt I'll send a ball through; now take warning and laid on."

"Charley at length stopped before the entrance to an alley-way, then putting his finger to his lips, whispered, 'Go slow—Moll is upstairs with her man; you'll nab them and the 'swag' if yer 'fly' and keep yer potato-trap shut."

"Dutch Charley was permitted by Horrigan to lead the way but every movement on his part was keenly watched. However, he seemed faithful and his quick and catlike tread up a flight of old ricketty stairs leading to the third story of a bleak and apparently deserted tenement-house at the rear of the noisome alley, was dexterously imitated by the five detectives at his heels.

A sudden stop and a motion to keep silence on the part of Charley brought us to a stand on a landing formed by a curve in the stairway.

For a moment or so all was still as death.

Then a hoarse voice in a low breath-drawn words seemed to him in our very ears the words:

"Show me the swag, gal; or I'll murder you!"

There came no answering reply, instead we heard the soft 'thud' of a blow as it falls on flesh, a fall, and a slight, wailing exclamation, evidently in a female voice:

"O Jack! don't murder me!"

"The swag, gal—where's the swag?"

"We'll find it for yia!" roared Larry, as with a rapid bound he dashed around the angle of the landing, burst open a door, and yelled "Come on, boys! the game is ours!"

Larry's three men followed him quickly. I was about to do the same when a little wiry form dashed quickly under my legs, and in a second I lay sprawling on the filthy landing, face downward.

The gamin of the gutter, little Dutch Charley, had made me the victim of a trick well-known to juvenile thieves as an expeditious method of effecting their escape.

"Let him go," thought I, "the devil will get his own yet."

I turned the angle of the wall into a dark corridor, a door hung sliding inwards on one hinge, the other, along with the lock, had been literally torn away by the herculean Larry. In the centre of the room, sullen, terrified and handcuffed, was a coarse-looking, villainous-featured man, about forty years of age. He might have been less, but Crime lines many a premature wrinkle on the brows of her votaries.

Seated on a bed in the far corners of the room was a young woman, who, before she took up with

The ways that are dark,
And deeds that are vain,

must have been eminently handsome.

"Now, Molly, my darlint," said the good-humored Larry, "you may as well save yourself and turn 'stag.' That package stolen from the express office on Third street is here, and I am going to have it; hunt it up, my girl, quickly, it will be better for you hereafter."

"It's here, Mr. Horrigan, I'll get it for you. God knows bad as I am I am no thief."

So saying, the handcuffed villain who claimed her as wife, blaspheming, meanwhile at a terrible rate, the woman put her hand between the mattress and the bed and pulled out a paper parcel about a foot in length and width and six inches deep—a small parcel, truly, to contain $30,000, yet it did.

The parcel on examination by Larry and his assistants proved to have been opened.

We set to work counting the money; it did not take long for it contained nearly all $1,000 notes.

"Twenty-nine thousand, five hundred dollars! Five hundred missing, Molly,—where is it?"

"Johnston took it—a $500 bill."

"Where's Johnston?"

"Gone to Cincinnati to try and negotiate with a 'fence' for the bonds.'

"Well that's all right," said Larry. "Now Hutchins, (Molly's husband) get your togs together, and Eagan will take you down to the station. Slip his darbies, Jack, till he gets his traps together."

The handcuffs were removed and the robber proceeded to a little closet in one corner of the room, Eagan at his heels. He was a powerfully-built fellow this Hutchins, —he suddenly whirled himself around, throwing out his right foot as he did so, and literally swept John Eagan off his legs. With a rapid bound he sprang for the door, but Horrigan, terrible in his wrath as he was peaceful and harmless as an infant otherwise, struck the fugitive-felon a fearful blow as he passed within reach of his stalwart arm, and laid him sprawling at his feet—a quivering, insensible mass of defeated iniquity.

"You would—would you," roared Larry, his eyes fairly blazing with his wrath, his powerful fist still clenched, and his right foot resting heavily on the breast of the conquered robber.

"Don't kill him, Mr. Horrigan! Oh, please don't kill him!" cried his wife, rushing forward, her hands clasped entreatingly.

Oh, woman! though fallen, still retaining to the last thy tender, loving heart, that brutality may break, but rarely hardens past redemption—I give thee my little meed of praise!

* * * * * * *

My story is told. This capture finally led to others until a horde of robbers and counterfeiters at length were brought to grief, and are,even as I write, the inmates of a strong prison, some of them shut out forever from a world which they disgraced, a people they murdered and plundered, till seized by the strong arm of an avenging law.

St. Louis is now a model city, her detective force still under the able administration of that jovial, genial, big-hearted, huge-framed Irishman, Larry Horrigan—and the robbers and little Dutch Charlie? queries my dear readers.

Let me whisper a word in your ears, my kind ladies and gentlemen, as Blind Zouk-mus—an old-time fiddler in Smadhann and beggar—used to say to the crowd from whom he expected a few pennies: "Plum pudding is a good thing, but if you eat too much of it it is apt to prove heavy and indigestible. A little at a time and it is very nice and agrees with you?"—So with my detective stories, were I to surfeit the good Poet with them—or in other words "string them out too long," it, and its thousands of liberal and enlightened readers would soon tire of them—too much plum pudding. Therefore, I will be sparing in my slices, yet promising more plums in each successive slice.

ADVICE OF AN OLD LADY

"Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to happen at the house where she lives at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is fresh in the morning as it is in the evening, or whether the wash and towel have robbed her of her evening bloom.

"You should take care to surprise her, so that you can see her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible, you should be where you can hear the morning conversation between her and her mother.

"If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend upon it. But if you find her up and dressed neatly in the morning, with the same countenance, the same smiles, the same neatly-combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answers to her mother, which characterized her deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the breakfast ready in good season, she is a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better."

THERE'S a good wide ditch between saying and doing.

GOLDNESS

BY NANNIE SADLER.

We loved each other once,
Alas! 'tis strange indeed,
Why hearts that love so true and well,
Should break the sacred, mystic spell.
And leave their souls to bleed.
Whence hath this coldness sprung?
And where hath it begun?
Ah me! I cannot tell.

A word, perchance, a deed,
That never meant to wound;
And yet it stung our foolish pride,
A passion, potent to divide.
Two lives, with friendship crowned.
Oh! pride is cold and hard at best,
And bids us rather not to rest.
Than yield our selfishness.

And so we drift apart,
Oh, God! and is it so?
Must hearts that each are true as steel.
The pangs of blighted friendship feel.
That wound so deep and slow?
The breach grows wider day by day,
That scarce remains a lingering ray.
Of love's poor flickering light.

It must not, shall not be.
This coldness here shall end;
I'll smother back this foolish pride,
And bridge the gulf that's grown so wide,
And for my fault amend.
To better'n my friend forgive,
The wrong he never meant to give,
Than bear it in my breast.

* * * * * * *

We loved each other once,
And now we love indeed.
Our hearts that love so true and well,
Have linked the broken, mystic spell,
That caused our souls to bleed.

MY SCHOOL.

By Mrs. Mary Ames.

I was just eighteen, when Miss Stannage married my father, and she was fifty-five. I learned this latter fact from a circumstance said to have occurred just ten years before.

Deacon Holbrook wanted a step-mother for his children, and as Miss Stannage was industrious, frugal, comely, intelligent and the possessor of several thousands in bank the deacon became a frequent visitor in her prim little parlor. Cautiously he ascertained how much she had in bank, who were her forefathers and foremothers, her soundness in religious matters, her views in regard to the education of children. Then at one unlucky visit, he asked her age. Instruct. bled, hesitated and finally stammered "I am thirty-five."

She knew she was that and ten years older. But why need she tell him? Her friends all told her she did not look so old as her years. But the deacon shook his head. "I am sorry you are no older," he said, wishfully. "I will be frank with you; I am looking for a wife. And had you been ten years older, I do not know of a woman in the world who would have suited me better. But a boy son nearly as old as you. It will never do! I have made a sad mistake. But, really I thought you were older."

And this was the nearest Miss Stannage ever became to being married, until she became my stepmother. The honest old deacon told the story, and, "perchance the birds of the air carried the matter," until, I doubt not the unfortunate damsel wished her elderly lover in China.

Her pretty village home ceased to please her. She visited a good deal, advocated Woman's Rights, contributed largely to the Missionary fund, presided at a Dorcas Society, distributed tracts and constituted herself a general adviser for the young—girls more especially.

Fortunately, I was an only child, and old enough to fancy I had opinions of my own, and it became a part of her daily labor to try and dislodge them.

First, she strove to convince me that I was but a drone in the world's hive, and next, that I had a mission to perform.

The first I could hardly disprove, but the latter assumption' I stoutly contested, as seen from her standpoint. The Mrs. Judsons, Florence Nightingale, Grace Darling, Ida Lewis, Miss Dix, Joan de Arc and at least a dozen others, were cited as patterns for poor me.

"But how am I to become a missionary's wife, with no missionary to ask me? or a Nightingale with no sick or wounded soldiers to look after? And as for turning boat-woman, I should be sick in twenty minutes after the boat left the dock. I always am. And in regard to prisons, I mean to keep out of them just so long as I can. The character of Joan de Arc, I don't admire in the least."

Then she would sigh, and wish I was a better girl. And I wished the same, but could not, as yet, see how I was to become one.

But my step-mother's favorite maxim was "Where there is a will there is a way," and she succeeded in finding a way.

A few miles from our village was a small settlement where there had never been a school, and a few farmers, living in log cabins, were anxious to organize a district. To do this a school consisting of nine scholars or more, must be taught by an "inspected teacher," for three months. Then a report should be made, in writing, in accordance with the facts, and the new district would be admitted into the grand confederation of School Districts, and entitled to a share of the public money raised for the purpose of education. This law in Michigan, as my step-mother explained it to me.

To go to this out-of-the-way place, and teach those poor benighted children, without remuneration she assured me was a plainly marked duty. And with many misgivings, I finally consented to accept the task assigned me.

My father, poor man, strenuously objected at first.'

"Why child! I do not believe there is a comfortable house where you can find a boarding place, in this entire district, that is to be."

"But I am to 'board around,' the man said," I replied, feebly. "Worse and worse," and he groaned away.

But my stepmother had decided that it was a way opened by a kind Providence, for me to perform the deed—for I had convinced by her earnestness, I went.

Not a very brilliant opening, as I mentally assured myself, when following some rough looking children I saw a still rougher cabin, that had been fitted up as a school-room. The "fitting up," consisting of three benches, made of slabs, on which holes had been bored to receive the sticks which answered as legs; the lower parts protruding considerably, and forming a stumbling block for the children's bare toes, and, not unfrequently reminding the teacher, she must "take heed to her steps."

A wooden chain a "high stand," a dingy pail, a tin cup and a much abused broom, constituted the furniture of the hall convinced by her earnestness, I went.

At nine o'clock I called the school to order, and took the names of twelve children, between the ages of seven and fourteen. And those twelve children represented five distinct nationalities — French, English, Irish, German and Anglo-Saxon.

For books, each had a different one, or none at all. And the list ranged from the old English Reader to Cobb's Spelling Book.

But my stepmother had foreseen a scarcity of books, and from her charity fund had purchased a generous supply of readers and spellers. The first day I arranged classes and after a fashion, put my school in working order.

There only could "read in readings," as they expressed it. And then they dwindled down to entire ignorance of the English alphabet.

At four I dismissed my unpromising pupils and accompanied a little English girl to her home, where I was to board the first week, or until Friday, as I was so return to my own home on each Friday evening.

It was a long walk to my boarding-place. But the pleasant, lady-like matron, who made me welcome and gave abundantly of her best, quite repaid my weariness. And the next morning I returned, cheerfully, to my duties.

But I had one great trial within myself. I was easily excited to laughter. It was a prominent fault in my character from childhood. And here, in this little caricature of a temple of learning, the comic side was being most offensively presented. But how could I laugh at the ignorant little blunderers, who strove so hard to please me? I did not, or at least they never knew that I did, although more than once I held my handkerchief to my face and shook until tears came in my eyes with suppressed laughter.

For instance, my reading class was standing on the floor, and one, a great awkward girl, was reading examples in double emphasis. It happened to be the text of scripture: "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considereest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" And thus she rendered it:

"And why *beldest* thou the *oat* that is in thy brod*ler*'s eye, but considerest not the *beam* that is in thine own eye?"

I did not correct her. I dared not, but hope the recording angel considered my infirmity and was gracious.

A few days after, in this same class of three, a stupid boy, who knew more of fact than fable, was reading of a fictitious character who is made to say: "And then I will marry a wife, beautiful as the houris and wise as Zobeide."

Slowly he spelled his way and read after this fashion:

"And then, I will marry a wife, beautiful as the horses and wise as So-be-I-be."

At another time this sentence occurred in his lesson:

"Such a course would certainly aid in the developing of our better faculties."

And he mouthed into something like this:

"Such a *curse* would certainly aid in the *devil-opening our butter-factories*."

A clumsy sentence in the original, but utterly abominable as my promising pupil rendered it.

One little fellow was such a long, long time in learning the letters of the alphabet. Finally, he had them all but *g*. For a whole day he stuck on that. I would call him to me, and pointing to the letter ask its name. He could not tell. Again I would tell him and again he would go to his seat, only to forget. But just before evening I found he could honor it at sight. Still fearful that he would forget it before the same again, I said, "now you are going home and I will write that little letter on your thumb nail; so when you see your ma, you can tell her it is *g*."

"E will be just has like to tell 'er hit his 'aw," blurted forth a little English lad from a corner, and the speech sent a general giggle through the school.

"What is it?" I asked, gravely. The boy who was to marry the beautiful wife raised his hand.

"Tell me, John, if you please?"

"Why, George Bottomley says Henry will be just as likely to tell his ma the letter is haw, as gee."

"Oh!" and without even then fully comprehending the joke, I dismissed my school for the day.

But if comical blunders were frequent in the school-room, hardly less ludicrous ones were common at my boarding places.

I wasstaying with a French family who had only a loft to offer me as a sleeping apartment. The uncarpeted floor was a pine wide, rough boards, and they, not even nailed to their places. My narrow, single bed stood directly above the one occupied by Monsieur and Madam; and one morning, while making it, (as was my custom wherever I boarded,) a treacherous board slipped, and I plunged through a mosquito net canopy into the bed below. As the whole house seemed full of them—was sleeping on the bed, but fortunately escaped my weight, and was only frightened nearly out of its wits, and commenced screaming accordingly.

But a great cowardly dog, lying under the bed shot out and made for the door, just in time to intercept the good woman of the house, who was crossing the room with a brimming pan of milk; and who was overturned by the shock. The milk was sown broadcast, and the righteously vexed woman hurled a lecture after the worthless dog, in *patois*, wholly unintelligible to me.

I scrambled off the bed, I had so unceremoniously usurped, only too glad I had not crushed the poor baby that was still screaming; and no wonder.

"Are you hurt, Miss?"

"No, thank you, Madam. And fortunately I did not even touch the child. It might have been worse."

"*Ce monde este plein de fous*"—the world is full of fools. "I have told Jaques more times than once to nail that floor. This is three time some one has fallen down. Next time may they fall on him and break his head!"

At my Irish boarding place I was treated with overpowering kindness. But as a pet pig shared the honors of the house, I am afraid I did not fully appreciate my blessings. True, when driving, I called her, did not sleep within doors, but she came regularly to the table, and received bountiful supplies, which she carried out and devoured at her leisure.

Then, at another house, as I was performing my morning ablutions in the family wash-basin, the girl, who helped the *matter*, came, and with a string of dried apples dangling from her fingers, stood beside me with a look of expectancy on her square face.

"What is it, Katrina?" I asked.

"Nothing. Only when you are done, I am to wash the apples in the basin."

"Oh! ah! yes, certainly!" and I hurried away, grasping my towel, lest she should exact it for a pudding bag. But the suggestion of possibilities did not add to my appetite for luncheon, and

"Tread on my corns, or tell me lies,
But don't pass me dried apple pies!"

went prancing through "memory's halls" that day much oftener than "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

And once I was obliged to leave my boarding place. The man of the house came home intoxicated and insisted that he was a "gentleman and a scholar."

To prove the first, he wanted I should drink with him. I excused myself, being a member of a temperance society, and gave him credit for being a scholar.

But this would not do. At any rate I must bear him spell; must "put out words" to him, as he expressed. I could do too better and pronounce a list of easy words to him. A few he spelled correctly, but more he did not. I gave him hoax, and he spelled it hoe-axe. Then I pronounced goat, and he spelled it go-it; and with such drunken gravity, that I smiled. That was enough.

"You are imposing upon me, you how-lived schoolmarm. I'll have you to know, I am just as good as you or your father. I don't care if he is rich. Go-it! A pretty word for a young lady to use! Now you go-it! right out of my house!"

And I went, as fast as my feet would carry me, to the house of my English friend, where I remained until my school closed.

And my term was over. I gave a receipt in full for my wages, which of course I did not receive. And, conscious that I had helped to organize a school district, if nothing more, I gladly returned to my home. My step-mother was jubilant. She was sure I should accomplish something yet. This was but a small beginning, to be sure, but I must persevere. I had a career, a mission to perform. And I began the performance of it —to her intense disgust—within a year by marrying a man who regarded her as the unerring adviser a young girl could possibly have. My dear, kind father said but little. But the cheerfulness with which he consented to the marriage seemed much as if he agreed with my husband.

A GREAT ESTABLISHMENT.

The clothing establishment of Mr. John Wanamaker, of this city, has long been noted as the largest in the United States. Last year during the Exposition an immense addition was made to it by the fitting up and occupation of the old Pennsylvania R. R. depot, fronting on Penn Square, Market and Thirteenth Streets; the same building made famous by the monster meetings held there by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Hundreds of thousands of visitors here during the Centennial will remember it as one of the sights of the city, showing the magnitude of a business of which few had previously any adequate conception.

One would suppose that such a business would afford scope enough for the activity, enterprise and ability of any one man. But having infused his own spirit into three thousand or more employes in the clothing trade, Mr. Wanamaker found an unemployed surplus of power, and he has accordingly proceeded to multiply himself again by thousands more.

On Monday, March 12th, according to announcement which had previously filled large space in the daily papers, Mr. Wanamaker opened for the inspection of the public his new general dry goods establishment in the same building, which has been enlarged and altered for the purpose, and now has an extended and most attractive front on Chestnut Street.

The throngs who flocked there to inspect the display, forcibly recalled the exhibition days at the Centennial, when hundreds were waiting in line for their turn to enter at the different gates. More than fifty thousand persons were present during the day, and at times the crowd was so great that it seemed advisable for a while to close the doors until room could be made to accommodate those waiting outside.

There are four main entrances to the building. The grand entrance on Chestnut street, finished in Egyptian style, is a marvel of beauty and business enterprise. On entering this, the visitor passes through a beautiful arcade, lighted by a skylight of exquisitely stained glass and four panels in the roof of the same material, and at night by twenty chandeliers pendant from small columns projecting downward attached to nickel rods, the whole finished in bronze, and each chandelier having four burners. The floor is tastfully tiled with marble. Passing through the arcade the visitor enters the Grand Depot. To the left in the centre of the nave, is the "Egyptian" reception and reading room for patrons and visitors, where a lady may wait while her companion makes purchases. Two elegant libraries, containing the works of Scott, Irving, Shakespeare, Milton and the standard authors of the past and present, do credit to the taste of Mr. Wanamaker's wife. One table only contains the leading daily papers of the city and the standard magazines, while another is ornamented with beautiful bouquets of flowers. A number of settees and chairs complete the furniture of the room, all being of the Egyptian style. A lavatory is connected with the room. From the roof of the reading-room, which is reached by a stairway, a full view of the building is obtained, revealing in all their abundance the dress goods on the one side extending away to the dress-making department on Thirteenth street, while on the other the eye reaches out to the department for boys' and misses' suits, which fronts the new Court House. There is not another store floor like this mammoth one to be found anywhere else on this continent. The building measures 373 feet on Thirteenth street, 250 feet on Market street, while the store, stretching from Market to Chestnut, inclusive of the Chestnut street arcade, covers a distance of 488 feet. To the left of the Chestnut street front, after passing through the arcade, is the counting-house, a large department fitted up for the convenience of such a roll of clerks as must necessarily be employed to keep the accounts of such a mammoth establishment.

The delivery department adjoins the counting-house on the left, annexed to it is the Market street front, after passing through along the western side of the building, is a large room for the reception of arriving goods.

In the centre of the building is a circular counter ninety feet in circumference, devoted exclusively to the display of silks. The "dark room," elegantly furnished, concealed from view in this circle and lighted by gas, is for showing silks for evening dresser. Seven counters radiate from the centre, separated by aisles, each of which is 105 feet in length, intersected by other aisles running between concentric circles of counters, on which are exhibited the goods of the various departments. There are in the dry goods departments alone eight sections of counters in thirty-three blocks, radiating from the central silk counter—in all one thousand four hundred and two! One hundred and twenty-nine counters stretching out in this new department fully two-thirds of a mile! Taking all the aisles in a store, a rolling-chair visitor may pass through the store but once and have a ride a mile and a half long. The seats at the counters number one thousand four hundred and two!

Six hundred and fifty-four employes were on duty on Monday, and a busy time they had.

There can scarcely be a doubt that the principles on which the clothing business has so long been conducted by Mr. Wanamaker, applied to the present new enterprise will make it a complete success. It is certainly deserved, as the reward of enterprise, skill, most liberal outlay and comprehensive foresight, and a due regard to the interests of purchasers as well as to those of the seller.

GOVERNMENT.—A man must first govern himself ere he be fit to govern a family; and his family, ere he be fit to bear the government in the commonwealth.

DON'T WHINE.

BY NANNIE SADLER.

There are some natures to whom whining seems to be a necessity. At home or abroad, wherever you meet them, you are sure to be entertained by their everlasting drawl of fault-finding, and a history of their personal wrongs and grimaces. Not content with this, they carry their whining spirit into the church, and fill the ears of the unconverted with mourning over their coldness and shortcomings. In the name of the justice to the cause of religion, if they are so wicked why do they not go to work and get better, and then tell the world how to do the same.

Now, what is the use of all this. It argues a weak and uncultivated mind. Strong men do not spread out their troubles promiscuously before the world; they conquer their own difficulties by steadfast reliance on God, and exalted aim, and perseverred advisers. Besides, it is only the petty trials of life that admit of this whining disposition. Sorrows and griefs that sink deep into the soul are too sacred to be poured into every vulgar and curious ear. Men and women who are best fitted to cope with the vicissitudes and struggles of human life are those who stand firmly on a platform of a broad culture and experience, viewing the world as it is, aspiring to the highest, and yet to pity and resist the weaknesses and sins of its fellow objects.

If the first attempts in any cherished direction fails, where is the use of giving up and whining over the unappreciativeness of the world. Keep trying, and endeavor to make the next effort more worthy of success. Genius is like the soil: the more it is worked the more will it produce. If one really possesses the germ, it will show itself, and success will come when it is not powerful enough to make itself felt; and success not based on a foundation of genuine merit, would be but a mockery. Should genius fail you still be not easily discouraged you before the world, don't sit down to brood over and whine about it; that would be proof either of a puny soul or a guilty conscience; but turn yourself bravely to work to prove to the world that you are not what you are represented. This may not always be an easy matter to accomplish, but when it is done you will feel much more satisfied with yourself, than if you had settled down with a stigma on your name which you did not deserve.

If a friend forsakes you in distress, don't whine around him to win him back. You can make half-a-dozen new and better ones, while you would be proving to him that he was in the wrong; besides, he would be very likely to serve you by another slice of infidelity the next opportunity. If a man does you a private injury, don't whine it in the ears of every man you meet. As a rule, men do not care much for other people's grievances; and the probabilities are that you will do your own cause no good, nor your neighbor's any harm. In fact, there are no circumstances in life, which will make a man excusable for whining over disappointments, and pouring into the public ear his private trials and affairs. Virtue, and a calm and unruffled self-reliance are the surest stepping-stones to respect; and the man who whines most usually lacks both.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP BOOK.

BY FANNY J. RAYMOND.

The sunshine of sweet looks.—*Whittier.*

Persuasive influences are better than any amount of moralizing.—*L. M. Alcott.*

Human ability and human responsibility never part company.—*J. G. Holland.*

It's surprising how we take advice that travels the same way we do. It's like hitting a ball the same way it's rolling already.—*H. W. Beecher.*

When people have good times, and keep a bright, pleasant fireside, and are always glad to see their friends, they will always be friends to come.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

There is nothing so cheap, so aids to education so important, no instrumentalities which assist so largely in making a home bright and pleasant, as books, newspapers, and magazines.

Sheridan, one day descanting on the pedigree of his family, regretted that they were no longer styled O'Sheridan, as formerly. "Indeed, father," replied the son, "I think people ought to O us, for we owe everybody."

Worries eat the life away. They bring wrinkles to the face and gray hairs to the head, and half the time they are not only unnecessary but foolish. Worry is only the name of all that is sensible, can we not wait until the draught of sorrow is forced to our lips, and not sup unwilled from the cup of gall and wormwood?

CURIOUS NATURAL CISTERNS.

In the rough granite country back from Mossamedes, on the west coast of Africa, are some very remarkable natural cisterns. The country itself is peculiar, huge single rocks rising out of the nearly level plain in some cases, and other hills of rocks, in several of which deposits of water are found at the very top. A recent traveler visited one of these, and found it to be a natural tank, with narrow entrance, containing some three or four hundred gallons of exquisitely clear and cool water. It was covered from view in this circle and lighted by gas, is for showing silks for evening dresser. Seven counters radiate from the centre, separated by aisles, each of which is 105 feet in length, intersected by other aisles running between concentric circles of counters, on which are exhibited the goods of the various departments. There are in the dry goods departments alone eight sections of counters in thirty-three blocks, radiating from the central silk counter—in all one thousand four hundred and two! One hundred and twenty-nine counters stretching out in this new department fully two-thirds of a mile! Taking all the aisles in a store, a rolling-chair visitor may pass through the store but once and have a ride a mile and a half long. The seats at the counters number one thousand four hundred and two!

Six hundred and fifty-four employes were on duty on Monday, and a busy time they had.

There can scarcely be a doubt that the principles on which the clothing business has so long been conducted by Mr. Wanamaker, applied to the present new enterprise will make it a complete success. It is certainly deserved, as the reward of enterprise, skill, most liberal outlay and comprehensive foresight, and a due regard to the interests of purchasers as well as to those of the seller.

NEWS NOTES.

THE silk factory at Scranton is now running full time.

THE farmers of Lehigh county propose trying the culture of tobacco.

THE horse disease in Brooklyn is said to be fatal, one-half of the horses attacked falling victims to the malady.

IT is reported in Halifax that the Imperial Government intends to lay a telegraph cable between that place and Bermuda.

UNDER the new Maine liquor law, any person selling any intoxicating liquor, except cider, is liable to imprisonment for two months and a fine of $1000.

THE play bill which Lincoln is said to have held in his hand the night he was shot in the private box of Ford's Theatre, Washington, was sold in New York the other day for $4.10

"MURPHY'S ARMY," as the pledge signers in Pittsburg and Allegheny are called, now numbers 50,000, the most of them men. Mr. Murphy having been charged with receiving a large salary for his labors, he has offered to work without compensation.

AN Egyptian man-of-war which was cruising in the Gulf of Suez to break up the slave traffic, took fire at sea March 11th and was entirely destroyed. There were 420 men on board, of whom 400 were saved, including all the Europeans.

THE total summer packing of hogs in Chicago in 1876 was 1,315,402; average weight, 189.79; number of hogs packed regular season, 1,002,651; average weight, 210.17. Total summer and winter packing, 2,918,085, against 2,230,846 for 1875-76.

A TEMPERANCE sanitary colony has been organized in Fresno county, Cal. The members pledge themselves to preserve the sanitary condition of the colony by maintaining the purity of the air, to sell or make no intoxicating liquors, and to belong to no secret organization.

ALL the foremen and station agents employed by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company were notified yesterday of a reduction in their wages, to take effect from the 1st of March. The wages of the foremen will be reduced $10, and of the station agents $5 per month.

MR. CARRIGAN has a coon, and he put it out to board at Mr. Arney's bird store on the Bowery. The coon, not feeling sleepy, beguiled the midnight hours by eating forty-eight canaries and chewing off a monkey's tail. Just before catching himself in a rat-trap he picked all the feathers from a parrot.

THE Pittsburg *Dispatch* says: Whatever may be thought of the times, many of our manufactories are running to their full capacity, and some of them are unable to keep up with their orders. Double turn is the word in the rolling mills, while many of the little glass works are starting up, and the machine shops tell of marked improvement in orders.

A BOY named Gantz, of Dauphin county, Pa., while hunting rabbits recently in the hills found a pack of paper under a rock, which upon being opened proved to contain a number of United States Treasury notes in a mutilated condition, which had evidently been deposited there for several years. The notes have been pronounced genuine, and the value will be about $452.

A loss of seven lives occurred on Thursday evening, 8th inst., during a panic at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in New York. It shows that narrow and obstructed stairways for the exit of a congregation from a place of religious worship may prove to be as fatal as similar traps in a theatre. There was no danger here whatever—no cause for the terrible fright which took possession of the assemblage (which was almost exclusively of women) except the cries of a woman suddenly seized with hysterical spasms, which were quickly exaggerated into a false alarm of fire; and yet six lives were lost, in the wild effort to escape by an insufficient stairway from a gallery.

GREAT excitement exists in McLean county, Pa., respecting the rich discoveries of coal oil in that region. In the valley of Tunungwant Creek, a tributary of the Allegheny, about two miles broad, some four hundred wells have been opened and are yielding a rich supply of oil. Many others are being bored. Some of these wells are 1,400 feet deep, but most of them do not exceed 1,100. Their average yield is about ten barrels a day. It is believed that these wells are less subject to exhaustion than others of larger production. Three lines of pipes, thirteen miles long, unite this region with the Erie Railroad at Olean. It is proposed to lay another line sixty miles in length.

THE coroner's jury in the Ashtabula railroad disaster agreed yesterday on a verdict declaring that the fall of the bridge was the result of errors in its design and construction, and that for the neglect of careful inspection of the structure during the eleven years in which it was used, the railroad company is alone responsible. "The responsibility of this fearful disaster, and its consequent loss of life, rests upon the railroad company, which, by its chief executive officer, planned and erected this bridge." The verdict also declares that the mode of heating the cars, which caused them to take fire on being thrown from the track and overturned, was in violation of law.

THE Marquis of Waterford annoys British railway managers by always riding third class, as it diminishes their first and second-class travel. One day the Marquis appeared at Waterford station and bought a third-class ticket to Dublin. The railway men thought to teach him a lesson, and for that purpose sat a dirtyish sweep down beside him in the car, thinking to drive him out. The Marquis surveyed his traveling companion for a moment, and then started for the ticket office. "Give me a first-class ticket to Dublin," he said. They thought they had him sure, but he simply returned to the third-class car, and making the sweep a present of the ticket, escorted him and his brushes to the first-class carriage, and leaving him there, returned to his favorite compartment.

IF IN WANT OF A REMEDY for a Sore Throat, or a Bad Cough or Cold, try Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old stand by for Lung and Throat Troubles.

DIPTHERIA is induced by coal gas, indigestion from food not properly cooked, enormous coal bills from fuel wasted. These evils can all be remedied with the Spiral Draft Chimney Regulator. Circulars & Co., 726 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mount Union College brings thorough collegiate education within reach of all. Call Chief Justice Clause Departments: Classical, Scientific, Philosophical, Ladies, Normal, Music, Industrial, Fine Arts. Preparatory, Museum with 3000 sp. Board and Tuition almost nominal rates. Students can earn board, and can earn by teaching winter all expenses. College Year of Spring, Summer and Fall Terms, without vacation. For Catalogue, address Pres. Hartshorn, L. L. D., Alliance, Ohio.

THE OWL.

BY F. S. MITCHELL.

From the cavern's gloomy hollows,
From the ruined hall of state,
From the grim wood's deepest arches
Where strange beings congregate,

Where the shadows lie the blackest,
At the closing of the day,
Come those strange, uncanny creatures,
Come those living birds of prey.

Pigeon owls and owls gigantic
Spread their wings upon the air,
Soaring through the gathering darkness
For the partridge's hidden lair.

For the dormouse and the titmouse,
For the beetle and the snail,
For the plumpest rewards traveler
Lighting up his coal of mail.

From the tall grey owl booms outward
Whoo, to whoo, to whit, to whoo,
And his neighbor answers back word;
Whoo, to whoo, to whit, to whoo.

Strange weird sounds from hill and valley,
Lonely tarn or ruined wall,
Like the wail of grief or sadness
On the solemn darkness fall.

Calling ever to each other,
"Whoo, to whoo, to whit, to whoo,"
Is it love or is it sorrow
Echo back would "Whoo, to whoo!"

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

(This story was commenced in No. 13. Vol. 9. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XXXV.

MEETING AGAIN.

Time flew. Summer had come round again; and it was now close upon three years since Mrs. Raynor and her children had quitted Eagles' Nest. Certainly, affairs could not be said to be progressing with them: rather the contrary. The past winter and spring had brought trouble. The three younger children were attacked with scarlatina, and it had left Kate so long ill that much care had to be taken with her. Mrs. Raynor was laid up at the same time for several weeks with bronchitis; and the whole of the nursing fell upon Edina. Sickness entails expense; not only as regards medical attendance, but in other ways: as those who have experienced it and who possess but a shallow purse can only too well testify.

With so much on her hands, and Mrs. Raynor laid by, Edina could not continue to do the work by which they were helped to live. A little of it she did continue to take, but it was very little; and she had to sit up at night and steal hours from her needful rest to accomplish even so much. This did not please the proprietors of the warehouse that supplied her with it; they evidently did not care to continue to supply her at all; and when things got round again, and she and Mrs. Raynor would have been glad to do the same quantity of work as before, the work was not given them to do. Whether it was, as the warehouse people protested, that the work was growing scarce through change of fashion and consequent lack of demand, or whether it was that the people preferred to employ those whose industry was not interrupted by sickness, the result came to the same: the employment failed.

And this, in those early days of June, was the state of affairs: the family pinching and starving more than ever, for during the time of sickness Edina's private funds had been anticipated and debts contracted, and the work failing. Charles was wearing out his days at the office; Alice was teaching at Mrs. Preen's. Never had the future looked so dark as it was looking now.

This fact was very plain to Edina. Albeit not one to despair beforehand, or to meet trouble half way, she could not avoid apprehension for the future. Money was wanted in so many ways—extra money—and they had it not. Mrs. Raynor was very delicate, requiring wine and other luxuries, the children wanted good nourishment in the shape of meat, and they could not get it. The common provisions within their reach were ominously dear, and seemed to get dearer with every week.

One day when they were at dinner—such dinner as it was—Alice came in. Perhaps the little pinched faces around the scanty board—and both Kate's and Robert's did look pinched—struck unpleasantly upon Alice, for she was evidently in less good spirits than usual. She had come down by the omnibus, and taken them by surprise.

"Not anything at all for me, thank you, Edina," she said, as Edina was placing a chair for her at the table. "Mrs. Preen made me take some bread-and-butter before I came out, and I shall have some meat with my tea."

An idea, like a fear, flashed into the mind of Mrs. Raynor. It was so very unusual for Alice to come down in this unexpected manner. "You have brought bad news, child!" she faintly said. "What is it?"

And, for answer, Alice burst into tears. The ledge of their home privations was to her as a very nightmare, for she had a feeling heart. What with that and other thoughts, her spirits were never high now.

"I don't know how to tell it you," she sobbed; "but it is what I am come to do. Mamma, I am going to leave Mrs. Preen's."

Mrs. Raynor sank back in her chair. "Oh, child! For my fault?"

Not for any fault, Alice went on to explain, as she dried her eyes. Mrs. Preen, who had not been in strong health lately, was ordered for a lengthened term to her native place, Devonshire, where she would stay with her mother. She could not make it convenient to take her two elder girls with her, neither did she care to leave them at home during her absence. So they were to be placed at school, and Alice had received notice to quit at the end of a month.

"If I were sure of getting another situation at once, I would not mind it so much," she said. But it is the uncertainty that frightens me. I can not afford to be out of a situation."

"Misfortunes never come alone," sighed Mrs. Raynor.

"Let us hope for the best," said Edina, briskly, as she began putting the plates together to be carried away. "A whole month is a good while, Alice, and we can make inquiries for you at once. Perhaps Mr. Atkinson at the library can hear of something. I will speak to him: he is very kind and friendly."

"Do you ever come across that Bill Stane now, Alice?" burst out Alfred, as he picked up his cap to go to school. "We saw in the paper that Sir Philip was dead. That is, we saw something about his will."

"He comes now and then to Mrs. Preen's," replied Alice, blushing visibly, for she could not hear William Stane's name without emotion. "What did you see about Sir Philip's will?" she asked, in the most careless voice she could call up.

"Oh, I don't know—how his money was left, I think. Charley reckoned up that Bill Stane would have ten thousand pounds to his share. Charley says he is getting on at the bar like a house on fire."

"Shall you not be late, Alfred?"

"I am off now. Good-bye, Alice. It will be jolly, you know, if you come home."

"Not jolly for the dinners," put in pug Katie, who had learnt by sad experience what a vast difference no extra one to eat made.

"Oh, bother the dinners!" cried Alfred, with all a school-boy's improvidence. "I'll eat bread and cheese. Good-bye, Alice!"

"Did you observe to hear what Sir Philip died of, Alice?" questioned Mrs. Raynor, when the doors had done banging after Alfred.

"No, mamma."

"But you see William Stane sometimes, don't you?"

"Yes, I see Mr. Stane now and then. Not often. He has not said anything about his father in my hearing."

"I wonder at that. So friendly as we once were."

The first time I saw Mr. Stane afterwards I said just a few words to him—that I was sorry to hear Sir Philip was dead," resumed Alice. "I thought perhaps it was what would be expected of me. He thanked me, and said: 'Yes, it was a blow to them all, because his father had been latterly so much better, and the death at the last was sudden. He did not say any more."

"Is he friendly in his manner?"

"Quite so, mamma. When I first went to Mrs. Preen's he was very cold and distant: but latterly he has been much more friendly."

"Well, child, I can only say how unfortunate it is that you should have to be thrown out of your situation. It may be so difficult to get another."

"Mrs. Preen says she will look out for me," concluded Alice, with a rising sob. "She knows that good appointments are scarce."

But not one of them felt the news as Edina felt it. It was she who took the most practical part in all their home troubles and trials; therefore she could best dread additional difficulty. Only the previous day she had gone into the city, to the warehouse that had supplied her with the needlework and silk nets, and had an interview with the master. He assured her that the nets had gone almost entirely out of fashion, that they had none to give out, and suggested that she should try her hand at some other employment—say the crape-trimming work. But Edina did not know how the crape work was done, or anything about it, and had come home disheartened.

Another matter that had been giving her and Mrs. Raynor concern for some little time, was Robert's education. It was clear Alfred ought to go now to a better school: Robert ought to be at one. The child was eight years old. Sometimes it had crossed Edina's mind he could be could be got into Christ's Hospital: she deemed it high time now, with Alice coming home, to think about it practically. If poor little Bob could be admitted there, it would make room for Alice.

Talking it over with Mrs. Raynor and Charles that same evening, it was decided that the practical step towards it must be to get a list of the governors. It might be that one of that body had known something of Major Raynor in the days gone by, and would help his little son. How was the list to be secured? They knew not, and went to bed pondering the question.

"I will go to the library and ask Mr. Jones," said Edina the next morning. "Perhaps he has one."

Mr. Jones had not a list; but he thought he knew where he could borrow one. And he did so, bringing it himself to the door in the after part of the day. Edina sat down to study it.

"Here is one name nearly at the beginning—but we know it," she said, looking up with quite a bright smile.

"Is there?" exclaimed Charles, with animation, catching sight of the smile, and taking an inquisitive view of Robert, who was stockinged and capless. "Where is there it, Edina? Read it out."

"George Atkinson, Esquire, Eagles' Nest."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed Mrs. Raynor. "The very man to whom we cannot apply."

"The very man to whom we will apply," corrected Edina. "If you will not, Mary, I will."

"Would you ask a favor of *him*?"

"Yes," said Edina, emphatically. "Mr. Atkinson has not behaved well to you; let us put it in his power to make some slight reparation."

"Edina, I—I hope I am not not uncharitable or unforgiving, but I do not feel that I can ask him," breathed poor Mrs. Raynor.

"But I don't want you to ask him, Mary; I will do that," returned Edina. "Perhaps I shall not *like* doing it more than you would; but the thought of poor little Robert will give me courage."

"Those governors have only a presentation once in three years, I fancy," observed Charles. "The master of Eagles' Nest may have given away his next turn."

"We can but ascertain, Charley. And now—I wonder how we are to get his address? I hope he is in England?"

"He is at Eagles' Nest, Edina."

"At Eagles Nest!" repeated Edina. "Is he?"

"He took possession of it six months ago, and gave Fairfax, who was in it, a house hard by. And I know he is there still, for only a day or two ago I saw Preen address a letter to him."

"You never told us he was at Eagles' Nest, Charles," said Edina, a shade of reproach in her tone.

"Why should I have told you?" returned Charles. "George Atkinson's movements have nothing to do with us now; nor is his name so pleasant a one to our ears that it need be gratuitously mentioned."

"Well, I am glad he is at Eagles Nest, for I shall go to him, instead of writing," concluded Edina. "In these days a personal application is generally of more use than a written one. And, Mary, you will, at any rate, wish me God speed."

"With my whole heart," replied Mrs. Raynor.

Once more Edina Raynor stood before the Eagles' Nest. As she walked from the station she looked around her, for the great alteration in the place struck her. Not in Eagles' Nest; that looked just the same: but in the demesne pertaining to it. That was well-cared for and flourishing; the pig-sties had been renovated into decent and healthy cottages; the row of dwellings, stopped in their construction and remaining so ugly skeletons, had been completed; other rows had been erected, and all were filled with contented inhabitants; and the men and women that Edina saw about as she passed looked respectable and happy. None could look on the estate at Eagles' Nest as it was now, and not see how good and wise was its ruler. Her Aunt Ann's accompanying sin and Major Raynor's entire neglect had been remedied.

"Is Mr. Atkinson at home?" asked Edina, as a servant whom she did not know answered her ring.

"He is at home, ma'am, but I do not think you can see him," was the answer. "Mr. Atkinson is very unwell, indeed, and does not see visitors."

"I think he will perhaps see me," said Edina. And she took a leaf from her pocket-book, and wrote her name, adding that she wished to see him very much.

The man followed her to a room. He came back immediately, and ushered her into his master's presence. As she entered, George Atkinson rose from a sofa on which he had been lying near the window, and went forward to meet her.

"Edina!"

The old familiar name from the once loved lips—nay, perhaps loved still: who know?—in the old familiar voice, brought the tremor to her heart and the tear to her eye. Mr. Atkinson handed her to a chair and sat down in another. The window stood open to the delicious summer air, to the sweet morning sunshine —for Edina had come early, and it was not yet much past eleven—for the charming landscape that lay stretched around in the distance. But the impulse of feeling that had prompted the warm greeting seemed to die away again, and he addressed her more coldly and calmly.

"Your coming here this morning, Miss Raynor, seems to be a very singular coincidence. You see that letter on the table," just written for the post: have the kindness to read the superscription."

Edina did so. It bore her own name; and was addressed to "Care of Charles Raynor, Messrs. Prestleigh & Preen's."

"I did not know your address. That it was somewhere in or near London, I did know, but you had left no locality. The letter contains only a request that you would kindly come down to me here."

"I" exclaimed Edina.

"Yes, I wished to see you. But I will ring for my housekeeper to show you to a room where you can take your bonnet off."

"I am not come to remain," replied Edina. "Half an hour—less—will be enough to transact my business with you."

"But half an hour will not transact mine with you," he pleadingly said. "I have been twice given over invalid." And Edina made no further objection.

When she returned to the room, looking so cool and fresh in her summer muslin, old though it might be, with her brown hair braided from her pleasant face, and the brown eyes sweet and earnest as of yore, Edina thought how little, how very little she was altered. It is these placid faces that do not change. Neither had he changed very much. He looked hardly as old as he heard now: a silky, long brown beard; but his face and eyes and voice were the same. And somehow, now that she was in his presence, and heard that musical voice, and met his steadfast, kindly look in the gray eyes, she nearly forgot her resentment against him for his conduct to the Raynors.

"You are here on behalf of Christ's Hospital, I believe," she began, entering upon her business at once as she resumed her seat.

"I am."

"I came here to ask for your next presentation to it. Is it promised?"

"Not yet. It falls due next year."

"Then will you promise it to me?" continued Edina. "It is for the youngest child of Mrs. Raynor. Will you give it to him?"

"No."

"No!" she repeated, tone and spirit alike falling with disappointment. "But why not?"

"I have a boy in my eye who is in want of it badly: worse than Mrs. Raynor's son will be."

"It is nearly impossible that any boy can want it much worse than poor Robert does."

"In that matter our opinions differ, Miss Raynor."

"And it would be making some trifling reparation to the family."

"Reparation for what?"

"For—what you did," answered Edina, hesitating for a moment and then speaking bravely. "For turning them out of Eagles' Nest."

"What would you have done in my place?" questioned Mr. Atkinson, good-humoredly. "Have left them in quiet possession of Eagles' Nest?"

"I—don't—know—whether I should or not," hesitated Edina, for the question puzzled her. "Eagles' Nest was not legally yours, and I cannot say you were wrong to take it. But I think you might in some way have mitigated the blow. I would not have turned a family from their home and not have inquired how they were to live."

"I am aware you could not; for, unless I am much mistaken, it is you who have fetched them with another. The Raynors wanted a lesson read to them, and it was well they should have it. What did I find when I came hither, a ruin? Was there a single good act done by any one of them while they were at Eagles' Nest? How did they use the fine property they came into; well? or disgracefully? Yes, I repeat it, disgracefully. Things were going to rack and ruin. The poor tenants were ground down to the dust, the uttermost farthing of rent was wrached from them, while they were uncared for; body and soul alike abandoned, to get through life as they could, or to perish. And all for what?—to swell the pride and folly of one who prodigality of the puffed-up Raynors. Could you approve of all this, Edina, or find excuse for it?"

She shook her head in the negative. He seemed to have called her Edina again unconsciously.

"It was well with them all; nothing but well, from Major Raynor down wards, he would have said, but was prevented by the presence in the room of Edina Raynor. She supposed her, as an apt pupil. Why! he had writ out against him, though he was under age."

Edina could not gainsay a word. It was all too true.

"You had this reported to you on your return, I presume, Mr. Atkinson?"

"I had. But I did not take the report unreservedly. I came down here, and I saw for myself. I was here for many weeks, watching."

Edina felt surprised. "How could that have been?" she inquired. "I did not see you."

"I came down incog. Nobody knew me in the place, and I stayed on in my lodgings at Jetty, the carpenter's, and looked about me. The whole place was left for an inquisitive man, who was fond of poking himself into matters that did not concern him; a second Paul Pry. Mr. Charles Raynor, I heard, christened me the tiger," added the speaker, with a smile.

Edina held her breath. What a wonderful revelation it was!

"I was in Australia when I heard that Mrs. Atkinson had left Eagles' Nest to me," he resumed. "The news reached me in a letter from herself, written only a day or two before her death; written chiefly to tell me where her will would be found—in the hands of my solicitors, Callard & Prestleigh. She also stated that a duplicate copy of the will was kept in this, her own house. But that, I think, must have been a mistake."

"Had one been here, it would have been found at the time of her death," remarked Edina.

"Just so. When this letter of hers arrived at Sydney," continued Mr. Atkinson, "I was traveling in the more remote and undrequented parts of the country, and I did not get it for some six months afterwards, on my return to Sydney. Rather a large accumulation of letters was waiting for me at Sydney, as you may suppose; and I found, by those from my partner, Street, and his brother, the lawyer, that the former will was alone known to exist, and that Major Raynor had entered into possession at Eagles' Nest. Now what did I at once resolve to do? Why, to leave him always in possession of it; never to speak of this later will, but just to put it in the fire when I got to England, and say nothing about it. The Major had a right to Eagles' Nest; I had not any right at all to it: and the resolve did not cost me a moment's thought——"

"It is just as I should have expected you to act," put in Edina, her cheeks flushing.

"Don't give me more credit than I deserve, Miss Raynor. I cannot tell what I might have done had I been a poor man. Kept the will, perhaps. But I was a rich one, and I did not want it. I sailed for England; and, on landing, went direct to London, to Street, the banker's, arriving there at night. Mrs. Atkinson, at home alone: his wife and children were at Brighton, and we had a few hours' quiet chat. The first thing I was told of was the miserable state of affairs down here. Eagles' Nest was going to ruin, Street said, and the Major and his son were probably going to ruin with it. 'I will go down incog. and see for myself,' I said to Street, 'and you need not tell anybody of my return yet awhile.' I did go down as I have told you; went down the next day; and Street kept counsel as to my having returned to Europe, and when he wrote to me at Grasmere, addressed his letters to 'Mr. George.' There I stayed, looking about at my leisure."

"How was it my Uncle Francis did not recognize you?"

"He did not see me. At first I kept out of his way lest he should, but I soon learned that there was little chance of our meeting, as he never went beyond his own lawn yonder. Had he met me full, I don't think he would have known me, my beard altered me much, and I always pulled my broad-brimmed hat well on. No, I felt quite easy, and remained on until my purpose was answered."

He paused, as if recalling the scenes of that past time. Edina made no remark. Presently he resumed.

"What I saw here shocked me. I could not avoid seeing, and feeling in the conduct of Major Raynor and his family, though I assure you I should have been glad to do it. To leave the estate in their hands would be little less than to give it to them. And a cruel wrong upon the poor people who lived on it. So I deliberated on my measures, and finally took them. Edwin Street came by speedy return, and conveyed a letter from me (apparently written in Australia) to Callard & Prestleigh, informing them that they held the will, and ordering them to proceed to Eagles' Nest, and a cruel wrong upon the poor people who lived on it. So I deliberated on my measures, and finally took them. Edwin Street came by speedy return, and conveyed a letter from me (apparently written in Australia) to Callard & Prestleigh, informing them that they held the will, and ordering them to proceed to Eagles' Nest, and there produce it. Of course, it might be proved and acted upon. I was more than justified in what I did, as I deemed then," emphatically concluded Mr. Atkinson, "and as I deem now."

"Well—yes, I cannot say you were not," acquiesced Edina. "But it seemed to us so bitterly hard—never to inquire what became of it. Raynors; never to offer them any help."

"Stay," said he. "I did inquire. I heard that Miss Edina Raynor had come forward from Tremouth with her help, and had established Mrs. Raynor in a school, in which she was likely to do well. I heard that Colonel Cockburn, who went to put him forward in the world. In short, I left England again in the belief that the Raynors were, in a smaller way, as prosperous as they had been at Eagles' Nest."

"What misapprehensions exist!" exclaimed Edina. "That house was soon lost again through a fire, and Colonel Cockburn only saved a few pounds: he could not help him. Their life for the last three years has been one long, perpetual course of humiliation, poverty, struggle and privation."

"Ay! and you have voluntarily shared it with them," he answered, looking straight into her eyes. "Well, they needed the lesson, Edina. I would have had my will, Charles Raynor had be let me be one, and not shown himself so haughtily upstart; and to his cousin, the doctor, also. When I made him, if he was the boy who pelted them with another. The Raynors wanted a lesson read to them, and it was well they should have it. What did I find when I came hither, a ruin? Was there a single good act done by any one of them while they were at Eagles' Nest? How did they use the fine property they came into; well? or disgracefully? Yes, I repeat it, disgracefully. Things were going to rack and ruin. The poor tenants were ground down to the dust, the uttermost farthing of rent was wrached from them, while they were uncared for; body and soul alike abandoned, to get through life as they could, or to perish. And all for what?—to swell the pride and folly of one who was the prodigality of the puffed-up Raynors. Could you approve of all this, Edina, or find excuse for it?"

She shook her head in the negative. He seemed to have called her Edina again unconsciously.

"It was well with them all; nothing but well, from Major Raynor down wards, he would have said, but was prevented by the presence in the room of Edina Raynor. She supposed her, as an apt pupil. Why! he had writ out against him, though he was under age."

Edina could not gainsay a word. It was all too true.

"You had this reported to you on your return, I presume, Mr. Atkinson?"

"I had. But I did not take the report unreservedly. I came down here, and I saw for myself. I was here for many weeks, watching."

Edina felt surprised. "How could that have been?" she inquired. "I did not see you."

"I came down incog. Nobody knew me in the place, and I stayed on in my lodgings at Jetty, the carpenter's, and looked about me. The whole place was left for an inquisitive man, who was fond of poking himself into matters that did not concern him; a second Paul Pry. Mr. Charles Raynor, I heard, christened me the tiger," added the speaker, with a smile.

Edina held her breath. What a wonderful revelation it was!

"I was in Australia when I heard that Mrs. Atkinson had left Eagles' Nest to me," he resumed. "The news reached me in a letter from herself, written only a day or two before her death; written chiefly to tell me where her will would be found—in the hands of my solicitors, Callard & Prestleigh. She also stated that a duplicate copy of the will was kept in this, her own house. But that, I think, must have been a mistake."

"Had one been here, it would have been found at the time of her death," remarked Edina.

"Just so. When this letter of hers arrived at Sydney," continued Mr. Atkinson, "I was traveling in the more remote and undrequented parts of the country, and I did not get it for some six months afterwards, on my return to Sydney. Rather a large accumulation of letters was waiting for me at Sydney, as you may suppose; and I found, by those from my partner, Street, and his brother, the lawyer, that the former will was alone known to exist, and that Major Raynor had entered into possession at Eagles' Nest. Now what did I at once resolve to do? Why, to leave him always in possession of it; never to speak of this later will, but just to put it in the fire when I got to England, and say nothing about it. The Major had a right to Eagles' Nest; I had not any right at all to it: and the resolve did not cost me a moment's thought——"

"It is just as I should have expected you to act," put in Edina, her cheeks flushing.

"Don't give me more credit than I deserve, Miss Raynor. I cannot tell what I might have done had I been a poor man. Kept the will, perhaps. But I was a rich one, and I did not want it. I sailed for England; and, on landing, went direct to London, to Street, the banker's, arriving there at night. Mrs. Atkinson, at home alone: his wife and children were at Brighton, and we had a few hours' quiet chat. The first thing I was told of was the miserable state of affairs down here. Eagles' Nest was going to ruin, Street said, and the Major and his son were probably going to ruin with it. 'I will go down incog. and see for myself,' I said to Street, 'and you need not tell anybody of my return yet awhile.' I did go down as I have told you; went down the next day; and Street kept counsel as to my having returned to Europe, and when he wrote to me at Grasmere, addressed his letters to 'Mr. George.' There I stayed, looking about at my leisure."

"How was it my Uncle Francis did not recognize you?"

"He did not see me. At first I kept out of his way lest he should, but I soon learned that there was little chance of our meeting, as he never went beyond his own lawn yonder. Had he met me full, I don't think he would have known me, my beard altered me much, and I always pulled my broad-brimmed hat well on. No, I felt quite easy, and remained on until my purpose was answered."

He paused, as if recalling the scenes of that past time. Edina made no remark. Presently he resumed.

"What I saw here shocked me. I could not avoid seeing, and feeling in the conduct of Major Raynor and his family, though I assure you I should have been glad to do it. To leave the estate in their hands would be little less than to give it to them. And

ESPERANZA,
or the
Story of the Swallows.

He was a wood-cutter, and she was a wood-cutter's wife. His name was Philemon, and her name was Baucis. He was fifty years of age, and she was not much younger. They had married late in life, and as often as they were thankful that they had one son, they were grateful that they had no more. For wood-cutting is a useful trade, but far from a paying one.

Donis, their son, was a fair and handsome lad, but as hungry as any ugly brat, and he could eat like a plough-boy.

It was all very well while he remained a little one, but at fourteen Donis had a fine appetite, and at sixteen he devoured everything before him.

Boot leather, too, was a great question with Donis. Most boys wear out boots fast enough, but Donis was worse than the worst. Baucis declared that her son wore his boots out before they were put on.

Donis was about sixteen, and he was beginning to help his father, when one fine morning, Philemon, while chopping, found his faithful hatchet break at the hilt, and became useless.

"Somikes!" said he, "there goes thy pair of boots, for a new axe I must have at once, and thy toes must peep out for another three weeks."

"They are used to it, father," said the lad, who looked handsome and well-made, even in his rags.

"It is uphill work," said the father.

"It is uphill exercise, but it is better than slipping downhill, is it not?"

"And pray, madame," said the wood-cutter, Philemon, "who are you?"

"I am one who came into the world at the bottom of the box which Pandora had no business to open, though I must confess that, finding me at the end, I think the world may as well consider itself more than compensated for all the evils that flew over it before I came to patch them."

"Little mother," said the wood-cutter, "I know not one dolt of what you are saying, but you are a cheery old soul, with the pleasantest apple-face I have ever seen, and the cleverest voice I have ever heard. The night is falling—where do you lodge?"

"Rarely in palaces—often in cots," said the keen-looking old lady, whose breath was as fresh as a nut.

"And will you pass the night at my hut? My good wife will make you welcome, and Donis will sing you a song, while my wife and I will sing you a duet."

"Be it," said the wonderful old woman, who was dressed all in green, with a bunch of heartsease in her hood. "Are you for home at once?"

"Ay, for I have broken my axe."

"Better," said the old lady, "break your axe than your leg."

"True for you!" said the wood-cutter; "and I promise you a welcome from my good wife."

Baucis met the visitor with great good nature, and made no apology concerning the plain sheet she set before her, for she had tact enough to know that an apology causes pain.

The little old woman ate sparingly and pleasantly, finding everything good and fresh.

The little meal ended, Donis tuned up, and sang his ditty about Daphne; and then the wood-cutter and his wife performed their duet cheerily.

Baucis's voice was beginning to crack; but Philemon's was still honest at bass, and lusty.

"And now, mother," said the good wood-cutter, "can't thou tell us something?"

The little old fairy-like creature in green shook her draperies, and spoke as follows:—

"Once upon a time, my friends, there was a Prince, who was wise enough to wish to see his kingdom for himself, and, setting out, he soon found a peasant, who was singing over his work.

"So the Prince fell into conversation with him, and he soon learnt that the peasant did not sing cheerily over his own land—that he labored for another, and for twenty small pieces of copper per day.

"'Twenty coppers!' said the Prince, thinking of how much he expended daily; 'and canst thou live upon twenty coppers a day?'

"'Alas!' said the peasant; 'I should lose much if I wasted a'l that money for a day for my mere body. One-third of this money I pay to myself; one-third I put by for the debts I shall have.'

"'How is that?' said the Prince, whose arithmetic had been learnt in palaces. 'If you live upon a third of your income, how shall you have debts of yesterday?—how can you have debts of to-morrow? Now, answer me that!'

"The peasant shook about his head, and cried, 'The third which I spend upon myself is that which I must consume in order to be able to work and pay my debts; the third that I pay my debts of yesterday is the money I give my old parents, that they may live in peace, for I owe them life, love, and all that I know; and as for the third of my earnings, they lay by for the debts of to-morrow, when, Heaven willing, I shall have grandchildren, and seek to do unto them as I have been done by. So that the day goes on merrily, and I look back with love on the past, I look with peace on to-day, and I stretch my neck towards the future with hope!'

"'Friend,' said the Prince, 'whether thy future shall pay for thy present and thy past I don't know, but this art and mystery be happier than am I, for I may not sing alone amidst the trees, and to me is not the privilege of helping my parents to live. But how is it that thou dost lay by grandchildren will do unto thee as thou dost to thy parents?'

"'Nay,' said the peasant; 'if I, reared as I have been, love my parents, shall not I, when I rear my children as I have been reared, find them to me as I have been to mine?'

"The Prince looked doubtful.

"'At least,' said the peasant a little mournfully, 'we are well to hope so.'

"'I.e. us touch hands,' said the Prince. 'I see that there's art right. But I have seen so much of courts, that I doubt if a good son always has a good son in turn.'

"'If,' said the peasant. 'Thou hast seen much of courts, see more of the people.'

"The Prince went further on, and came to a cottage, within which he heard voices.

"'Son,' said a weak voice, 'I will weary thee no more.'

"'How shall I know that?' asked an angry voice.

"'Because I will ask to be taken into the college for poor men—for have I not often given the dole to it?—and there I will end my days.'

"'Here 'tis,' said the Prince—'here is a son who returns his father evil for good; for if the man gave when he was strong and at work, surely he should be given to now that he is old and infirm.'

"'Good,' said the son, 'since thou art ungrateful for all thou hast of me, I pray thee to be taken to the college, and shortly. But who will drag thee there in a barrow? —for my son works daily in the fields. I cannot push a barrow, and my neighbors do not love me.'

"So at that point the disguised Prince came forward, and said, 'I will take the old man to the hospital.'

"'So be it,' said the son; 'but I will not pay thee. Mind—do no harm to the barrow.'"

"Thereupon the Prince lifted the thin and light-weighted old man from his pallet, placed him on a barrow, and trotted him to the hospital.

"The Prince came back with the barrow, and said, civilly to the churl, 'Sir, they will only take thy father into the hospital on one condition, and it is this—that he brings two sheets with him. So I have come back for the sheets. Please thee be quick, for thy father is lying upon straw in the porch of the hospital.'

"'Sooth,' said the man, 'find me two of the worst and coarsest sheets in the chest, and give to this fellow. As for me, I'll quit my feeding for no man.'

"The son grudged, but rose from the table, and did as he was ordered.

"He came to the door where stood the Prince.

"Then putting his finger upon his mouth, as though to impel the other to silence, he folded up one of the sheets, and pushed it under the thatch, saying, 'When thou art out of hearing, tear this one sheet in half, and that will be two. 'Twill do for the old grand-dad to die on.'

"'But what wouldst thou with the other sheet, friend?' said the Prince.

"'Oh,' said the boy, 'that will do for my dad, for I shall send him to the hospital to die when he is past work, just as he sends his dad!'

"So the Prince went home a wiser man, convinced that, even though one may not be sure of gratitude, it is better to do one's duty than to neglect it.

"'There,' said the little old woman in green, "is an end to my story; and you may make what application you like to it."

"'Indeed, madame,' said Baucis, "what is your name?"

"'My name is Esperanza—a true fairy, I assure you; and common people call me Hope. Did you not think me pretty?'

"'Madam,' said Philemon, "a lady's age is a very delicate question."

"'Thou couldst never guess,' said the fairy. 'Let me tell you, for humanity. But keep my memory so green that there is not room upon my face for a wrinkle."

"'Madam,' said Baucis, "you are very good; but we want for nothing here, having hope in our midst."

"'A very pretty speech,' said Esperanza; 'but, Madame Baucis, I beg thee to remember that a woman may be hopeful and yet selfish, too. Dost thou love thy son?'

"'Ay, as the apple of my eye!'

"'Then why dost thou keep him near thee?'

"'Because we love him,' said Baucis.

"'Well answered, dame—well answered!' said Philemon.

"'Then ye are both wrong, my friends. Those fathers and mothers frequently most love their children when they send them farthest from home.'

"'Now this is a fiddle,' said Philemon.

"'Tis easily answered,' said the fairy. "What if ye had a daughter, and so loved her that ye would let no man call her wife? Then, when ours were dead, what would become of her? Too old to attract a husband, she would die alone, because ye had deprived her of having sons, perhaps, to work for her.'

"'But we have no daughter, alackaday!' pleaded Baucis.

"'Yet ye have a son,' urged Esperanza. "Keep him here at home, and what shall he become? Woodcutter here—but after you. Can the cot hold wife of his and bairns? No; then shall he lead a sad and solitary life; and even now and again, though he love ye, this thought shall come to him, that your lives are his misfortune.

"'Yet he is not only one,' said Philemon; "and we love him.'

"'Can ye only love him when he is near ye? Hear me, Baucis. Turn not away, oh, Philemon! We like deepest those who are far away. We do remember all the good of those we love and whom we see no longer—and forget the evil. We cannot quarrel with the dead.'

"'But we shall not see him!"

"'Ye shall hope to see him. It is the consolation of a separated love. Let, then, go the boy, and hope for him.'

"'Let go the boy,' says Philemon.

"'As thou will, good man, so will I,' adds Baucis.

"'Yet both sorrow as they see the boy's eyes glitter. He being young, loves much the idea of crossing the mountain which shuts in the valley of his life.

"'See,' said Esperanza, "I but touch thee with my forefinger, my Philemon, and thou, O Baucis, and thou, too, Donis, and, lo! ye are all three radiant with hope."

"'I shall come back,' cries Donis.

"'We do hope forever!' plead Baucis and Philemon.

All three faces are radiant with high hope.

So Esperanza slept under that humble roof; and next day Donis, the Adonis, the youth of the louse, stepped forth into the world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PETER THE GREAT.

Our ancestors, in the time of William III were not a little surprised to learn that a young barbarian, who had, at seventeen years of age, thrown off the barbarism of immense region stretching from the confines of Sweden to those of China, and whose education had been inferior to that of an English farmer or shopman, had planned gigantic improvements, had learned enough of some languages of Western Europe to enable him to communicate with civilized men, and began to surround himself with able adventurers from various parts of the world, had sent many of his young subjects to study languages, arts, and sciences, in foreign cities, and finally had determined to travel as a private man, and to discover, by personal observation, the secret of the immense prosperity and power enjoyed by some communities whose whole territory was far less than the hundredth part of his dominions.

It might have been expected that France would have been the first object of his curiosity. For the grace and dignity of the French king, the splendor of the French Court, the discipline of the French armies, and the genius of the the French writers, were then renowned all over the world. But the Czar's mind had early taken a strange pity, which it retained to the last. His empire was, of all empires, the least capable of being a great naval Power. The Swedish provinces lay between his State and the Baltic. The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles lay between his States and the Mediterranean. He had access to the ocean only to a latitude in which navigation is, during a great part of every year, painful and difficult. On the ocean he had only a single port, which was small, and the whole shipping of Archangel was foreign. There did not exist a Russian vessel larger than a fishing boat. Yet, from some cause which cannot now be traced, he had a taste for maritime pursuits which amounted to a passion, indeed almost to a monomania. His imagination was full of sails, yardarms, and rudders. That kind of mind, equal to the highest duties of the general and the statesman, contracted itself to the most minute details of naval architecture and naval discipline. The chief ambition of the great conqueror and legislator was to be a good boatswain and a good ship's carpenter. Holland and England, therefore, had for him more charms than the palaces and terraces of Versailles. He repaired to Amsterdam, took a lodging in the dockyard, assumed the garb of a pilot, put down on his list of friends all who could wield with his own hand the caulking-iron and the mallet, fixed the pumps and and twisted the ropes. Ambassadors who came to pay their respects to him were received much against their will, to clamber up the rigging of a man-of-war, and found him enthroned on the cross-trees.

Such was the sojourn which the population of London now crowded to behold. His stately form, his intellectual forhead, his piercing black eyes, his Tartar nose and cheek bones, his regular smile, his frown black with all the stormy rage and hate of a barbarian tyrant, and, above all, a strange nervous convulsion which sometimes transformed his countenance, during a few moments, into an object on which it was impossible to look without terror, the immense quantities of meat which he devoured, the vast draughts of brandy which he swallowed, and which, it was said, he had carefully distilled with his own hands, the fool who jabbered at his feet, the monkey which sate, chained, at his table, and the dwarf who stood behind his chair, were during some weeks, popular topics of conversation. He meanwhile shunned the public gaze with a haughty shyness that deepened into gloom. He went to plays, but as soon as he saw that pit, boxes, and galleries were staring, not at the stage, but at him, he retired to a back bench, where he was scarcely visible to any human creature. Pasquinades. He was desirous to see a sitting of the House of Lords' but, as he was determined not to be seen, he was forced to climb a ladder, and look in through a small window. He heard with great interest the royal assent given to a Bill for raising fifteen hundred thousand pounds by a lottery, and laughed with amusement that this sum, though larger by one-half than the whole revenue which he could wring from the population of the immense empire of which he was absolute master, was but a small part of what the Commons of England voluntarily granted every year to their constitutional King.

William III. judiciously humored the whims of his illustrious guest, and stole to Norfolk Street so quietly that nobody in the neighborhood recognized his majesty in the thin gentleman in a cloak, got out of a modest-looking coach at the Czar's lodgings. The Czar returned the visit with the same precaution, and was admitted into Kensington House by the back door. It was afterwards known that he took no notice of the fine pictures with which the palace was adorned. But over the chimney of the royal sitting-room was a piece, which, by an ingenious machinery, indicated the direction of the wind; and with this plate he was in raptures.

He soon became weary of his residence. He found that he was too far from the objects of curiosity, and too near to the crowds to which he was an object of curiosity. He accordingly removed to Deptford, and was there lodged in the house of John Evelyn—a house which had long been a favorite resort of men of letters, men of taste, and men of science. Here Peter gave himself up to his favorite pursuits. He navigated a yacht every day up and down the river. His apartment was crowded with models of three-deckers and two-deckers frigates, sloops, and fire-ships. The only Englishman of rank in whose society he seemed to take much pleasure was the eccentric Lord Carmarthen, whose passion for the sea bore some resemblance to his own, and who was very competent to give an opinion about every part of a ship, fit in the dock or in the stern. Caermarthen, indeed, became so great a favorite, that he prevailed on the Czar to consent to the admission of a limited quantity of tobacco into Russia. There was reason to apprehend that the Russian clergy would cry out against any relaxation of the ancient rule, and would strenuously maintain that the Czar's soul was in no danger of condemned by that text which declares that man is defiled, not by those things which enter in at the mouth, but by those which proceed out of it. This apprehension was relieved by a deputation of our merchants, who were admitted to an audience of the Czar; but they were reassured by the air with which he told them that he knew how to keep priests in order.

HERE AND THERE.

WHY is life the greatest riddle? Because all must give it up.

WHAT people can never live long, nor wear great coats? Inuits.

A DUEL is very quickly managed. It only takes two seconds to arrange it.

WILLIAM YOUNG, an enterprising Brooklyn butler, advertises that he will "blow glass" crowns for sale.

A POLITICIAN in Ohio hearing that a political opponent had just brought a donkey, declared that it was "a very remarkable case of self-possession."

POLITE SCORE.—A San Francisco editor thus addresses an Oakland brother: "You wallapus, you leathy-eared jackass, you bogus hammeredyes, you—you Oaklander!"

"HOW much are these boarfat balls by the quart?" asked a magistrate of a Bowery grocer one morning. He stared at for a moment, recovered himself, and said:—"Go, Justice Young, eight cents."

Teacher:—"Who was the first man?" Brown (*Head Boy*):—"Washington: he was first to beat third base." Teacher:—"Nonsense! Adam was the first man!" Brown:—"Guess if you're talking of foreigners. I go for home."

LILLIE WHITE, who had been reported as attempting to commit suicide, has a card in the Virginia City *Enterprise*, saying: "I am fully realizing the ca. ill-sect of this world. I am in no hurry for another one. It might be a case of getting out of the frying pan to the fire."

SIXTY Indian prisoners are in the old fort in St. Augustine, Fla., and the object is to civilize them through their children. A Mexican says he can shoot down a mosquito on the part on of a cow's ear every time he sees one. They do not escape, because they prefer to eat and be fed.

SIX year old starting for school Friday morning said to his mother, "To day is pass nation day ma." Informed that it would be 4 th of July before school then "I don't mark it this mother. "Oh, they ain't again" to just feel a little bit," he pleasantly explained. The mother was satisfied.

A WAGGAN was sometime ago tying hard to a parish church in the north of Scotland, and some of the members took offence and left. One of these soon after met another member, and inquired "how the organ was gettin' on?" "O, fine" was the answer; "just blawin awa' the chaff an' keepin' the corn."

WHEN Gibson modelled the "Wounded Amazon," he said to a friend who went to see him in his new studio, "Now, what do you think of it?" "Why, that is my 'Wounded Amazon.'" I call it a 'Wounded Amazon,'" but that statue is a proof of how useful it is for an artist to keep his eyes open. Now, how do you think I found that group? I was just putting down the easel, and I saw a girl catching a flea. Yes, I did; she was catching a flea! I stopped and said as myself, 'That's a pretty pose—a very pretty pose indeed!' and I took it down. 'How shall I use that pose?' I said to myself. So I thought it over. I set it up and worked it out, and there it stands as my 'Wounded Amazon.' But it is the very pose of the girl catching the flea, nevertheless. A very pretty pose it is, you see; and as I said, it shows that an artist must not fail to keep his eyes always open."

WHEN the occupant of a business place on Michigan avenue was asked why he didn't have out a flag in memory of Washington, he replied:

"What do I know about George Washington?"

"Why, you have read of him, haven't you?"

"I suppose I have, but you don't suppose I swallow all I read, do you?"

"But everybody knows that Washington was a great and good man," protested the party.

"I don't know about that. I've heard a good deal against him since I came to Detroit, and I'm not going to run the risk of offending some of my best customers by waving a red flag around. I'm just starting in here, and I don't want to make any bad moves."

"But, sir, but—"

"Please go no," interrupted the business man. "If people hear you jawing around my place they'll think I'm a politician and keep clear of me. I'm neutral in politics and you can't force me to take Washington flag—not sir."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HELP for the weak, nervous and debilitated; chronic and painful diseases cured without medicine. Electric Belts and other appliances, all about them, and how to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. Book, with full particulars, mailed free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., 302 Vine street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

GLEASON'S MONTHLY COMPANION.—This magazine is, without any exception, the cheapest monthly in existence. Each number is beautifully illustrated with numerous engravings. The price is only $1.50 a year and it is sent to subscribers free of postage; besides an extra large oil chromo is given away, and each one of paintings in every subscriber. Good cash commission to agents. Sample copies in receipt of postage. Address F. GLEASON, Publisher, 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

THE HOME CIRCLE.—This elegant weekly is the best and cheapest illustrated literary paper in the United States, brimful of good things every week. Only $2.50 a year, and sent free of postage. Also an extra large, elegant oil chromo, gratis to every subscriber and free of postage. A large commission is given to agents. Sample copies free, on receipt of a stamp for return postage. For sale by all newsdealers, at 4 cents per copy. Address F. GLEASON, Publisher, 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.—"Beautiful!" "Charming!" "Oh, how lovely!" "What are they worth?" &c. Such are the exclamations of those who see the large, elegant new Chromos produced by the European and American Chromo Publishing Co. Everyone will want them. It requires no talking to sell the pictures—they sell themselves. Canvassers, agents and ladies and gentlemen out of employment will find this the best opening ever offered to make money. For full particulars send stamp for confidential circular. Address P. GLEASON & CO., 738 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

25 FANCY CARDS, 16 styles, with name, 30c, postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rens. Co., N. Y.

FLOWERS
6 for 25. Wood for Fuel. Manufacturers of Plants. HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS, Cherry Hill Nurseries, West of 20th, Philadelphia.

LOOK! NEW Novelties Just Out. One Sample and Price List Free. Terms and Territory Free. MANUFACTURING CO., Clinton Place, New York.

BIG PAY to sell our RUBBER PAINT TATOO & Co., Cleveland, O. Terms free.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY!

$55 to $77 per week to Agents $20 Outfit Free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

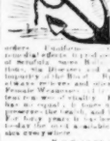
$5 to $10 A DAY to Agents. Sample free. 12 page catalogue 5. FLET HAS, 11 Dey street, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

We will insert an advertisement like the above one month in twenty-two hundred American newspapers (ladies and c ntlemen, for $1 500, cash. SEND FOR A CATALOGUE OF THE PAPERS TO GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 41 Park Row, New York.

TO ADVERTISERS

$5937 Made by 17 Agents in January. 7 with my $4 New Article. Samples free. C. M. Lisington, Chicago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,


Nothing short of an absolute necessity could induce us to depart from the established custom of the profession, and offer a medicine for sale directly to the people. But the unparalleled success of Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the cure of all diseases for which a blood purifier is required, has induced us to place the best remedy within the reach of all who suffer from scrofulous complaints. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is no secret nostrum. Its composition is well known, and has received the highest commendation from the most eminent members of the medical profession, as well as from thousands of our best citizens. Under these circumstances, we feel justified in recommending it as the best blood purifier we can make, and one which will accomplish for the sick all that can be reasonably expected from any medicine. For purifying the blood, correcting the sluggish habits of the digestive organs, and imparting tone and energy, this compound is unequaled. For all diseases originating in impure blood, such as Scrofula and its numerous developments, Erysipelas, Eruptions, Tumors, Ulcers, Boils, Carbuncles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Female Weaknesses, and Kidney Complaints, it is the best remedy that can be taken. For many years it has been in constant demand, and to-day the most reliable medicine for the suffering ones everywhere.

PUBLISHED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, ERUPTIONS, GLANDULAR AFFECTIONS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS, SYPHILITIC BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION GUARANTEED.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD!
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE
WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN A HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.
THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS TAKEN, PAIN STOPS. NOT ONE HALF HOUR after any of the following Complaints is experienced, if noticed with Internal Dispatch, Sores, Throat, Bad Breath, Rheumatism, Chilblains, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach Pains, Sick Headache, Kidneys, or any Urinary Organs, Cramp, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Toothache, Pains in the Limbs, Backache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Heart, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Nausea, Sickness, or Dizziness, or with Nervous Despair, or Spasms, or Sleeplessness, or with Fever, or with Ague, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills
Purely vegetable, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.
Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.
DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

The Great Discovery.
R. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON. For the cure of weak stomach, impaired digestion, disorder of the nervous system, constipation, debility of the stomach, and all kindred maladies. A tonic
The wine includes the most agreeable and efficient salt of iron we possess. Citrate of Magnesia (made expressly with fruit and vegetable acids) and Calisaya Bark. Yellow Peruvian Bark.
The wine is most remedy of debility, loss of appetite and general prostration, of an efficient field of the medicinal virtues of Peruvian Bark, in most happy. It augments the appetite, raises the spirits, and gives a solid vigor to the muscular system. Persons who have been reduced by disease, or debility, and given

THE FASHIONS.

The new Princess Robe is so universally adopted for evening or reception wear, that we doubt not most of our readers will be pleased to have a detailed account of it. It seems to be a special favorite for wedding dresses, so many have been made lately upon that model. One of these latter, described with that nice regard to minute detail so well appreciated by our sex, will serve to illustrate the features of this popular costume. The silk of which it was made was heavy white and beautifully corded. The back widths were cut en traine, and a very long one, let us add being laid in a large quadruple pleat under the middle of the skirt, about a foot below the belt-line. The bottoms of these widths was cut in what is technically termed harrow, really square, nipple. Under these turnips a knife pleating was set, and below the knife pleatings an embroidered ruffle of the finest organdy muslin. The lower part of the front and side widths had knife pleatings overlapping each other the upper one headed with standing ruffle two inches high. A bow this was arranged a scarf of silk laid in two wide aprons, plaits, the former of which was edged with a deep fringe, composed in twos and a threefile. A second scarf was placed around the waist, the ends of which were